

THE ROUND TABLE.

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"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

COULD we but know

The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low—
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear

The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure

To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

THE BROOKSIDE IN MAY.

HAST thou a gymnastic fancy, reader? Can it turn a flying somersault with ours, sixty miles through the air, into a fair pastoral and sylvan region, newly beautified by the breath of May? If so, we need no enchanted carpet or cloud-cleaving steed; our elastic imaginations shall whirl us to the goal. One, two, three, and away!

Here we are by the brookside. This baby stream was cradled among yonder hills, and these sloping meadows are its playground. See how it dances through the green sward. Hark how it sings. But there are other choristers. The pleasant treble of the meadow lark, the sharp notes of gossiping blackbirds, the sonorous twang of the bullfrog, and the semitones of clouds of ephemera, mingle with the refrain of the rivulet at our feet, and the *pot-pourri* is cheerful and exhilarating, if not harmonious. How sweet the springtide smells. A medley of pleasant odors as well as of pleasant sounds fills the air. The groves and fields could hardly have been more fragrant when the dew and sunshine of the primal May baptized their buds and blades.

But it was not alone to "babble of green fields" that we left the "thick solitudes called social" to bivouac by the brookside. There be shapely creatures clouded with purple and orange, and bedropped with crimson, lying perdu under the ripples of this running water, waiting for what Providence may send them in the way of provant. We propose to be their evil genius, and have brought the implements with us to betray them to their ruin. Sooner, dear reader, shall you catch Mercury without his Caduceus than a veteran angler by a trout stream without his rod. Forth from thy well-worn case, old whipper of the brooks. Age has not robbed thy joints of their suppleness, nor, thank the Providence that shapes men's ends, has it yet taken the elasticity out of ours. *E pluribus unum*; the sections are one. It is easier to reconstruct a rod than a republic. Is not this a wand fit for the right hand of a naiad? a perfect taper from butt to topmost ring, light as a reed and springy as a rapier. This multiplier, too, is a masterpiece. Countless revolutions have not disorganized it, though it has immolated more victims than were ever guillotined in the *Place de Grève*. It takes not the accustomed fingers of the angler long to prepare his tackle. At the end of the transparent leader dangles a "brown hackle"—a killing fly when the sun is shining softly through the golden mist of a May-day noon; and now for a cast. Seest thou, reader, that bit of ruffled water, this side of the gnarled, hump-backed old witch of a willow that is stooping to catch a glimpse of her ungainly shape in

the stream? Right for the center of that little eddy shall our feather-fly make wing. Deftly done, by all that's entomological! Had the lure been alive it could not have dropped into the ripple more naturally. Aha! Credulity in a brodered coat snaps at the temptation. A noble trout, a very emperor of the brook, and hooked past all redemption. Whirr-rr! how he makes the reel spin. See him dart from the surface, mad for freedom. Alas! lithe acrobat, thy last flip-flap is at hand. Thou'rt e'en a-drowning, for a fish may have "too much of water," as well as the fair Ophelia. It is mere folly to fight with destiny; be guided, come ashore and die peacefully on the greensward. Slip the net under him, and we'll land him gently, "as if we loved him," as old Izaak says of the worm. There he lies, poor victim of overweening confidence, panting as a hart panteth after the water-brooks, and ever and anon making ineffectual leaps streamward. Canst tell us, reader, why a captured fish always jumps toward the water, even when he cannot see it? It is instinct, probably. But what is instinct? We have asked this question of philosophers, metaphysicians, and other far-seeing individuals, and, sooth to say, their replies, though eminently profound, were utterly unintelligible.

Pending the solution of the problem let us continue to beguile the fishes. One after another, from pool and rapid and the whirling foam of fairy Minne-ha-has, we gather them in. The sun on his downward course is frescoing with prismatic hues the western wall of heaven, and the wicker basket at our belt is full of fish as rarely tinted. What shall we do with them? It were gross vandalism to consign them to the culinary mercies of the Maritornes of a village tavern. We have tried that before and had our trout so bedeviled in the cooking that we hesitated to ask a blessing on them. Think of the sacrilege of frying brook trout in half-rancid dripping! It is rank heathenism. Why send missionaries to the Feejee islanders when the choice gifts of the Great Provider are thus misused of pagans at home. We will ask the untutored Celt who cooks the leathern steaks at yonder hostel to put our delicate spoil into her refrigerator instead of her frying-pan. They shall to New York, packed in ice, and with our own hands we will manipulate them. But here we are at the door of the "wayside inn," and our day's sport is ended.

The "brothers of the angle," take them by and by and large, are not squeamishly veracious, and our little fish story will no doubt be set down as slightly apocryphal. Nevertheless we have really been a-maying among the streamlets and have returned "edified and built up." Our back is straighter, step firmer, hand steadier, head lighter than before we went into "the bush." The nymph Spring is not quite as forward as she was last year, but we happened to catch her in a melting mood, with a warm sun-flush on her cheek, and a very pleasant time we had together. Heaven's health commissioners—gentle breezes vitalized with the fresh breathings of tender grass and unfolding blossoms—are very potent to preserve in their full vigor body and soul, and as we strolled hither and thither along the highways and by-ways of nature's green sanatorium it seemed to us as if the blue fiend Cholera were as effectually barred out of that sweet pleasure as if it had been guarded, like Eden of old, with flaming swords.

Man made the town, and we regret to say he made it very dirty. Returning to Gotham after our rural wanderings we loathed its brick and mortar, its unbrooklike gutters, its unnatural smells. True it had a flavor of green things, but they had decayed. The warm spring sunshine that was creating vegetation

in the country was decomposing it here, and as we snuffed the vari-scented atmosphere we sympathized with Southey's sensations in the streets of Cologne. Our sanctum looked dismal contrasted with the beauty and the brightness we had just left. Dust lay thick upon the desk and choked the inkstand, and, as we feather-brushed the one and refilled the other, we made a vow to the pastoral gods to return with all convenient speed to their bucolic realm. J. B.

CONCERNING DICTATION.

VERY few people are willing to show deference or even to extend common courtesy, to the convictions of their fellow-beings; and from the care of our health to the cut of our coats there are always officious persons ready to prescribe "the only correct and authentic method"—their own, to wit—without fee or reward beyond the satisfaction of seeing us conform to their standard. For instance, notwithstanding how proverbially "doctors differ;" notwithstanding, moreover, that essential changes have occurred and are daily occurring in the "regular" practice of medicine, the "dominant" school, as it is called, hoots heterodoxy at all outside of its dominion. Sangrado insists that Placebo loses a fever patient through gross negligence of "that first of antiphlogistics, phlebotomy;" while the latter swears that "that murderous old villain, Sangrado, assassinates his victims; bleeds 'em to death, sir!" but they both unite in condemnation of heterodox Simil, who gives aconite and bryonia, even if his patient by chance recover.

Hitherto this has been an affair of wordy vituperation only, "*vox et preterea nihil*;" but we notice in the proceedings of the "Board of Health" a proposal to render dictation compulsory, to which we beg to direct the attention of all deluded high-diluted readers:

"HOMEOPATHY VS. HYDROPATHY."

"In discussing the resolution inviting the co-operation of medical societies quite a lively debate took place between the devotees of hydropathy and homeopathy. Mr. Schultz said homeopathic practice should be taken into consideration. Dr. Parker said that, while he was a member of the board, with his consent the board would never place any person under the care of those professing to be practitioners of homeopathy. There were but two men in this city, whom he knew, who were real Anamites. Not one out of a thousand of these men but sailed under false colors. Now, I do not favor one more than another, but I go for the profession at large. I have great faith in the water business, but homeopathy, as generally understood, and all the various medical *isms* of the day were absolutely nothing.

"MR. ACTON.—Do you give as much medicine to a patient now, doctor, as you did twenty years ago?

"DR. PARKER.—The older a man grows the more he depends on nature and less on medicine."

We do not know what a medical Anamite is; but he is evidently equal to more than fifty-five tailors, since "one out of a thousand of these [two] men" must imply that they comprise at least five hundred apiece. We do know that Dr. Parker is a very able lecturer on surgery; but we were not aware that the medical profession and the public generally had submitted themselves to his authority as to their practice and belief. It must be extremely gratifying to the practitioners of physic to have this *vezata questio* definitely settled by Dr. Parker's Canute-like decision that he has "great faith in the water business." Hydropathy is thus admitted into the "orthodox" materia medica; but, "thus far shalt thou go and no further!" the learned professor refuses his approbation to all other "medical *isms*," which, in his estimation, are "absolutely nothing."

Now, we who pen these lines were brought up in medicine after the strictest sect, and hold most fixedly to the doctrines of the regular school of science yielding no credence to the infinitesimal heresy.

homeopathy, the supersaturation of the water-cure, nor any of the numerous by-paths of the day; yet it seems to our poor judgment that in this land of liberty if a man prefer to die under the auspices of Dr. Gray rather than under those of Dr. Parker, his private predilection should be consulted in a matter so purely personal. If Dr. Parker with advancing senility depends "more on nature and less on medicine," why does he object to the treatment of disease by "absolutely nothing?" Why enforce this despotism of dictation?

Let us suppose, gentle reader, that your misguided faith is given to homeopathy; you have perfect confidence in the ability of your family physician and in the efficacy of his pocket-case of sugar-plums. Well, your wife or your child is taken ill; an emissary of the Board of Health hears of the case, visits your house, pronounces the disease contagious, and orders the patient to be removed "to a proper place within the metropolitan district, to be designated by the board." In this "proper place" Dr. Parker dictates the proper treatment, kindly offering you the alternatives of wet sheets or calomel and jalap, both of which you disapprove of, but resolutely forbidding the only medication whereon you place reliance. Behold the penalty of heterodoxy!

Although in other instances dictation is not decreed by legislative enactment, yet, like the edicts of the mysterious Venetian Councils, a fiat issues, we know not whence, and we must obey or be disgraced. We dare not question the authority nor investigate its source. Common sense, consistency, propriety, are out of the question; blind subservience is required of us. Who sets the fashion of male attire? we should like to ask. Who elevates and depresses in turn our coat collars. Who banishes "peg-tops" to the steppes of Chatham Street, and confers letters of marque upon tight trowsers? Brummel and his royal coadjutor have, we hope, attained cherubic emancipation from nether garments. D'Orsay, the last of the beaux, is gone where tailors cease from troubling; who is it, then, whose busy brain produces those wondrous eccentricities of costume depicted in the fashion plates? We cannot tell; but without a murmur we do his bidding, whether it be to drape our ankles with the skirts of our coats or to wear "monkey jackets" that offer a standing invitation to a kicking; nay, more, we cheerfully disburse fifty per cent. extra for the privilege of being clothed by an "orthodox" tailor.

The origin of female modes is traceable in our day to the united ingenuity of the Empress of France and the Parisian "demi monde," who, like Dr. Parker, above quoted, appear each season to "depend more on nature and less on dress." A few years ago modesty was "orthodox," and a lady's ankle was as jealously concealed as a miser's hoard; now, let a blushing glance at the Fifth Avenue on a windy day convince us how thoroughly "*nous avons changé tout cela*," while "orthodoxy" in a ball-dress goes quite as far in the other extreme.

Last year "fashion" furnished us only a fork and a crust of bread wherewith to "de-ossify" and eat fish; this year a silver knife is "*de rigueur*." At the beginning of this century it was "proper" to wear black broadcloth, a shirt-frill, and a "queue," and to be smooth-shaven as to one's face; a beard was discreditable and a mustache monstrous; the "pit" at the theater was only less disreputable than the "third tier;" and the professional or commercial man who ventured upon a colored waistcoat or an elaborate watch-chain entailed upon himself utter ruin; nowadays you may see the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant in jaunty suits of rough materials and variegated hues, decked with chains of gorgeous workmanship and fabulous value; each lip adorned with the erst abhorred mustache; each mouth puffing at the once forbidden cigar; the pit, rebaptized "parquette," is become "respectable," and its orchestra chairs are more than the rest of the house "proper."

There are certain rules of propriety and courtesy which we are all bound to respect, and a man of sense and proper feeling will do nothing to give offense to others, nor to render himself ludicrously conspicuous; but beyond these why should we resign our independence to this fickle, inconsistent chimera

of dictation? Why allow each action of our lives, from the manner of eating our egg at breakfast to the choice of our associates or the situation of our home, to be dictated by those for whom, in many cases, we entertain no respect? Within the limits of good breeding let each of us be guided by his or her own sense of right and wrong, of fitness and impropriety, and there soon will be no need of a further diatribe against arbitrary opinion.

REVIEWS.

THE POETRY OF THE AFGHANS.*

WEST of the Indus lies a small tract of territory known as Afghanistan. The inhabitants speak a language which, in construction and phraseology, is entirely different from every modern tongue. It is called the "Pushto" or "Afghan," which, according to Oriental scholars, is derived from the Zend, Pehlavi, and the Hebrew.

The origin of the Afghans is veiled in mystery, though they claim their descent from the Jews, tracing their lineage to Saul, king of Israel. And a few of the exiled Jews who escaped from the lands whither they were led captive might indeed have resorted to the mountain fastnesses in which Afghanistan abounds, and where even to-day the provisions of nature afford a real, though somewhat rude, independence. The scenery, also, is such as would prove eminently acceptable to certain states of the Jewish mind. The mountains attain to an altitude of twenty thousand feet. In a clear day they may be distinctly seen at the distance of two hundred and fifty miles. Rising crag on crag, bearing on their fruitful sides and sunny slopes every variety of temperature, production, and climate, they lift up their shining peaks, white with eternal snow, until at last they cleave the clear sapphire sky. The more inaccessible portions form especially the realms of mystery and magnificence. Among these sublime solitudes every variety of scene is embraced. There may be found vales of rare beauty, chasms of unknown depths, mighty cataracts that now thunder unheard, and whole cliffs incrustured with *lapis lazuli*. And, viewing these mountains from afar, the imaginative Oriental well might find among their peaks and passes some glimmering gate-way of the gods. Age after age has passed away, yet the old feeling of veneration remains among the wandering lowland tribes, who still look up toward these stupendous heights lost in wonder and awe.

And, with their well-known fondness for "High places," there is no difficulty in supposing that a few scattered Jews may have found a congenial home near this favored place and laid the foundation of a new family. Yet it is now impossible to delay in order to discuss the probabilities of the case, and we must therefore leave the lineage of the Afghans in order to speak of their poetry. The poetry of the Afghans! That is a subject soon exhausted, you say? And even the best informed general reader might well be excused for the supposition, since the sources of information are so distant, fragmentary, and few.

Before the beginning of the Afghan wars the Russian government had indeed founded a professorship of Pushto at St. Petersburg, and their officers and diplomatists were accustomed to pass examinations in the dialects of the warlike mountaineers of Roh; yet as late as the year 1855 there was not a Pushto grammar to be had in England or India from which a British officer might learn the rudiments of that tongue. Hence the Afghan chiefs were able to talk and concoct treason even when in the immediate presence of the English generals, and while assuring them of their fidelity in the high-flown strains of Eastern eloquence. But finally this important department of study gained a most devoted friend in the person of Captain H. G. Raverty, of the Bombay Native Infantry, who, by his genius and indefatigable industry, gave one more proof that the pen is mightier than the sword. The direct result of his labors were composed of a voluminous grammar and dictionary, the latter containing nearly twelve hundred octavo pages. In course of time he added to these the "Gulshan-i-Roh," com-

posed of selections in prose and verse from the Afghan, which was afterwards followed by a volume made up of selections taken from poets who flourished from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. But Captain Raverty has found few imitators. The present is the dark age of Oriental literature, and he is left to work this new mine alone.

But these labors will appear all the more meritorious when it is stated that printing is unknown among the Afghans and that all their books exist in manuscript. These, too, are in a somewhat scattered and confused condition. The first complete collection of Shaida's poems, all in the original manuscripts and richly illuminated, is now in the possession of Captain Raverty. Although a celebrated writer, Shaida's own brother had never seen his works, the poet having died in India, and no copy of them has ever been made, except those executed by his descendants, who sent several hundred miles to Captain Raverty for the manuscript. Yet while the literature of the Afghans is somewhat voluminous, it extends no further back than the beginning of the sixteenth century, the date assigned to the entrance of this people upon their present territory, which, according to Captain Raverty's theory, was inhabited by a Hindu race as early as the age of Alexander. The character of the poetry of those three centuries is illustrated by selections from the writings of nine different authors, all of whom were celebrated in their day, and whose memories are proudly cherished by their descendants.

It is hardly necessary to state for the information of any class of readers that the poetry of the East is entirely unlike that of the West. Its language is the language of exaggeration, and often appears like the wild effusions of some voluptuous bacchanal. Yet this is truer of the Persian than the Afghan poetry, which has less of bombast, and approaches nearer to the simplicity of the ancient Arabs, the general subject being that of Divine Love, though a few write on general subjects after the manner of the western poets. The doctrine which pervades the Afghan poetry is that of the Sufis, who affirm that their creed is adverse to superstition, skepticism, and error, yet at the same time exists by the active propagation of all three! Their writings, therefore, consist of religious mystical allegories, in which there are many things hard to be understood. They have a vocabulary peculiarly their own. By *wine* is meant love. Says Khushal Khan:

"Within this city, the juice of the grape is thus so openly sold;
Because the censor, himself, favo'reth the bibbers of wine."

By the *tavern* is understood an oratory, and the *keeper* is the spiritual guide. Says *Æabd-ul-Kadir*:

"I will leave the walls of the cloister, and go out unto the tavern;
For therein is to be found safety from this and the next world's ills."

Idolators are men of the purest faith, who worship God; while *wantonness*, *mirth*, and *inebriation* signify religious enthusiasm and abstraction from worldly thoughts.

From these hints may be gathered the general drift of the Afghan mind, so widely separated in its modes and processes from European thought. Whoever takes up the volume which has been made the subject of these remarks must expect to find therein nothing common to western thought. It opens to us a new and hitherto almost unknown world. We find no evidences of modern scholarship. The polish and peculiar grace of the schools is wanting. The authors betray no acquaintance with cotemporaneous literature. Of mankind at large they know but little, and they are thrown wholly upon their own resources. We see in their works the mind playing in all its native freedom and simplicity, and at the same time alive to the lessons of the visible world; for says one, in an "Ode to Spring":

"Leave the monk in the monastery's nook! I will to the garden;
For the flowers of spring instruct me in righteousness ways."

But the burden of Sufi song is the Divine Love. Let us, therefore, give an extract in the way of illustration from *Æabd-ur-Rahman*, one of the best known and most popular Afghan poets of the eighteenth century, who was so completely absorbed in this love as in its absence to be indifferent to outward

* "Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans. Literally translated from the original Pushto." By Capt. H. G. Raverty. London: Williams & Norgate.

objects, and holding fire and thorns and a soft bed all as one. He writes as follows concerning the Divine Being, whom he styles the "Beloved":

"The face of the beloved, the sun, and the moon, are all three one:
Her stature, the cypress, and the pine, are all three one.

"I have not the least need, either of honey or sugar;
For, the lips of the beloved, honey, and sugar, are all three one.

"When I am reclining upon my couch, without her by my side,
Fire, thorns, and this couch of mine, are all three one.

"When I am soiled with any dust of the alley she dwelleth in,
This dust, and musk, and amber, are all three one.

"O God! make no one acquainted with absence from his love;
For invasion, massacre, and such absence, are all three one!"

The first of the two last lines expresses the Christian sentiment, "Hide not Thy face from me;" while the entire poem which furnishes the extract reminds us somewhat of Solomon's Song. The last line hints at the condition of society among the Afghans, who were substantially border-men, and, like the Scotch and English in generations past, lived in the midst of disquietude and alarm, and subject to constant forays from their neighbors. Hence the poet and saint was not unfrequently a warrior. Indeed, the author of the above himself says:

"Should the monk, in reality, follow a life of austerity,
The sovereign, the chief, and the monk are all three one."

And of this class of men Khushal Khan furnishes a renowned example. Born in the year 1613, he soon rose to eminence, and became at last poet, ruler, soldier, and sage, girding his loins with the sword of courage for eight years, while carrying on a most destructive war with the Mughals, and dying at last, as he had always lived, free among his native mountains. He was a voluminous author, and is said to have composed no less than three hundred and fifty different works on various subjects. Capt. Raverty thinks that some of his poetical effusions, written during a temporary sojourn in India, will be highly esteemed, even in a literal English dress, as coming from one cotemporary with the times of Charles I., and evincing a spirit of patriotism and love of home and country such as we might look for in a Scotch Highlander or a Swiss mountaineer. We obtain a tolerable idea of this poet from his "Ode to Spring," written during a visit to a neighboring tribe, the Yusufzis, whom he desired to engage as confederates in a war against the Mughals. In this poem the beauties of nature are mingled with battles and blood. At the beginning he endeavors to make the air almost faint with fragrance:

"From whence hath the spring again returned to us,
Which hath made the country round a garden of flowers?"

"There are the anemone and sweet basil, the lily and thyme;
The jasmine and white rose, the narcissus and pomegranate blossom.

"The wild-flowers of spring are manifold, and of every hue;
But the dark-red tulip, above them all, predominateth.

"The maidens place nosegays of flowers in their bosoms;
The youths, too, fasten bouquets of them in their turbans.

"Come, now, musician! apply the bow to thy violin:
Bring out the tone and the melody of every string!"

But Khushal has come among the Yusufzis on business. He seeks to drum up recruits; and, therefore, after passing some compliments with spring, as well to intimate that the season for action had returned as to gain attention and good-will, he approaches the great subject of his mission, for which in mystic strains he invokes the high sanction of religion, saying:

"And thou, cup-bearer, bring us full and overflowing cups,
That I may become fraught with wine's inebriety;

and then, changing the key, tells the Yusufzis that

"The Afghan youths have again dyed red their hands,
Like as the falcon dyeth his talons in the blood of the quarry.

"They have made rosy their bright swords with gore:
The tulip-bed [blood-vessels] hath blossomed, even in the heat of summer.

"They dyed red the valley of Khaibor with the blood of the foe:
On Karrapoh, too, they poured forth war's din and tumult.

"From Karrapoh, even unto Bajawrr, both plain and mountain,
Time after time, as from an earthquake, quaked and shook."

But he fears that this appeal may not be sufficient, and hence endeavors to shame them into action, saying:

"Since I arrived in this part I have become a nonentity—
Either I am despicable, or this people are infamous grown.

"I cry unto them, 'Troops, troops,' until I am weary;
But, deaf to all, they neither say, 'Die,' nor, 'Thy sacrifice.'

"The dogs of the Khattaks are far better than the Yusufzis,
Though, in disposition, the Khattaks are more worthless than dogs."

Then follows the recital of battles and victories, followed by appeals to their sense of honor, assuring them that life without honor is worthless; and, ending with himself, he tells them that though he may die, yet, in consideration of his valor, "the memory of Khushal will long, long endure." This poem is remarkable for the knowledge which it displays of human nature. The writer seems intimately acquainted with the motives that govern action, and applies his wisdom well.

It would be an agreeable task to continue this examination for the purpose of culling a few of the many choice remarks of the different authors, but the lack of space forbids, and we must, therefore, refer the lover of what is unique and curious in literature to the writings of the Afghans themselves, which abound with high mystic allegories, happy examples of wit, wisdom, and repartee, combined with a profound sense of the vanity of human wishes, and an ardent love of country, liberty, and home.

B. F. DE C.

DICTIONARIES.*

JEAN PAUL somewhere says that a man who is making a book will scarcely hang himself, but we suspect he did not think of the dictionary-makers. Overworked brains are getting portentously common among us (a recent romancer speaks of his hero as shorn of the true talisman of this world's good by that modern Delilah, Overwork), and even the dictionaries must keep pace with the enlarging domination of commerce and manufacture. Johnson's labor, a hundred years ago, was a marvel of industry for a single head; but had the good doctor outlived Methuselah he could not have produced the eighteen hundred and forty pages of this volume before us. Johnson may have been the giant and we the dwarfs upon his shoulders, but unmistakably we see the further, and if our heads are higher, they may be also proportionally larger, as dwarfs' heads usually are. At any rate, it is an old story that has been told often enough in prose and verse that

"What took matured years in ages past
Is learned by brats in ragged schools at last;"

and there is no better instance of the power of accumulative learning than the modern dictionary, with its scope so surprisingly extended beyond what was, even a lifetime ago, deemed the limit of philological instruction. We are not of those who fear that this ready-made product of the scores, if not hundreds, of industrious men who have labored together to the common end of enlightening us, is to work to our disadvantage. To come to a plain understanding, the chances are that our tailor can make us a better fit than we can find among his ready-made wares; and a philologist who follows an independent course of linguistic study will bear his acquisitions more gracefully than he who borrows of the dictionary. But we cannot all be philologists, nor even, in the fullness of the possible investigations, can more than two or three in a generation. The great mass of the people must buy the perfected garment, and among them there is no mean number who will find as good a fit as the man who was measured. It is the common talk, "it fits as if made for you." It is precisely so

* "An American Dictionary of the English Language." By Noah Webster. Revised, enlarged, and improved. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1866. Large 4to, pp. 1,940.

with this ready-made knowledge of the dictionaries. A man of the right affinities—as he of the broadcloth was of the right shape—can always appropriate gracefully any extraneous matter.

Such growth follows the genius of our language. The German tongue springs from within, the old Teutonic roots preserving their original productive power, and its scholars are far more like their language than our own or the English. Indeed, the editor of the volume before us felt constrained to go to Berlin to find the fit exemplar of etymological science in Dr. Mahn. The English tongue has lost or disused this power. Its growth comes of accretion, a process, substituted for the old Saxon development, that came doubtless of the introduction of the Norman French with the Conqueror. So the great bulk of us must *add* rather than *evolve*, and the dictionary and the cyclopedia are the great instruments at our hands.

The history of English lexicography is the old story of the pearl in the shell. *Falstaff* may cry,

"Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open;"

but the less swaggering lexicographers know that the pen is mightier than the sword, and knew it long before Bulwer made a happy stroke for the quotation-mongers. The dirty little compendium of Doctor Bullokar, two hundred and fifty years ago, lodged itself within the valves of this irritable world, which put about it secretion upon secretion until the ugly blotch has grown to be a jewel, massive and sightly; and something stronger than fat Jack's sword has opened the oyster, and brought it to the wondering eyes of men, and this agency is the Messrs. Merriam's exchequer. Brains have very decidedly had much to do with this ponderous book, but money has had its share, and Father Time has been in partnership with all concerned. Lexicography, like Topsy, has "grewed." Years have been as essential to its development as industry. The dictionary of to-day is to the dull abstraction our ancestors possessed like the chrysalis to the grub. That was dormant at our feet; this buzzes about our head in affluent strains of history, of wit, of philosophy, of fancy. "Language," says Emerson, "is fossil poetry; it is the archives of history." The ludicrous idea of Munchausen about a frozen tongue is not an unphilosophical one. The language as Bullokar knew it was frozen to all intents, and a great part of it under the snow beside. His 5,080 words were but a small part of the sounds known among men even then. Philology has been a matter of late growth among us, and the thawing process did not fairly begin till well within the present century. Thorough etymological research has been the south wind that needled this huge Alp of ice and poured a copious stream into the world's intelligence. Squatters along its banks have been numerous, and there has been some hard words for this or the other "privilege;" but the Webster corporation have put up the biggest structure, and its trade-mark seems to have monopolized the market.

The Webster corporation, we say. Why not, Messrs. Publishers, give us the truth, and name your argosy of freighted wealth as the factors name their mills, after the founders of their house. "The Webster Dictionary" would be, like the monument of Wren, a memorial for all who look around, and a just recognition of his earnest and patient successors, who have done as much as himself to perpetuate his name. Lexicography in the past has been a process of doing and undoing—perhaps more than is to be the case in the future. The early issues of Webster, put beside the admirable volume now before us, show, perhaps—in the contracting and simplifications of definitions, in the recasting of etymologies and ordering of radical roots, in the elimination of propensities too critical for a mere recorder, as the lexicographer should be—that as much has been undone in the process of proximate perfection as done, and the amount done is certainly very perceptible in bulk to the ordinary observer and in matter to the student. Johnson loaded his pages with the Latin enormities that Bailey handed down to him as "dictionary words." They have been retained, though a large class among them is the merest dead lumber possible; but he had no conception of the value to philology of the common language of the artisan and the street, or of the dialectic wells from which the living

language is refreshed. The two hundred obsolete words of the Bible's six thousand, the five or six hundred of Shakespeare's fifteen thousand, the hundred of Milton's eight thousand, have a fair chance of resuscitation under the present tendency to archaisms: these nonentities of Johnson will only exist as the proofs of his misapprehensions, while of the words of his day in genuine use it has been computed that not a single one has become obsolete.

Though the pretentious Latin and Greek derivatives of Johnson's superfluous grant could not be galvanized into life by any associations of his great name, the very dialectic stores that he discarded, and the obsolete nomenclature that he failed to recognize, has been a rich source of his successors' aggregations. "Vulgarisms," says Lowell, "are often poetry in the egg," and the lexicographers have come to know it too, and to understand that the status of words changes with successive generations, and what is vulgar now may be elegant hereafter, as well as what is elevated to-day become degraded in the future. Just think of our modern "dry up," and recall Virgil's parallelism:

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt."

Because in present usage a word is "low" is properly no ground for exclusion, so be it only labeled as it is. Bacon did not dream of the English tongue ever acquiring the dominance it now enjoys; nor did Johnson ever suppose that his science would attain the range that its present culmination shows in this quarto. When Fox would use no word that had not the sanction of Dryden, he may have thought to help fix the language, as an academy might; but, despite the arguments of Matthew Arnold, an academy is against the spirit of our tongue, and even "a note of provinciality" may be endured if it have a sharp tang to it. There may be some who think, as Roget does, that even a universal language is possible; but for ourselves we shall only look for it when agrarianism is established upon an immutable foundation.

It has been stated that the ablest judges have doubted if the English language has made any solid improvement within the past two centuries and a half. Whether this be true or not, it is much more certain that it has grown, and we have in the dictionaries far better chronicles of its growth than existed in the time of Dr. Bullokar's miniature volume. A child's vocabulary was, perhaps, limited to its two hundred words then as now; some Max Müller of that day may have reckoned an English peasant would not out-word his brother of to-day with his three or four hundred vocables; but with the wider knowledge of reading at present existing, it may well be doubted if the ordinary man at this epoch, with his three or four thousand words (as is the estimate in England, which is perhaps rather low for a people, like ourselves, not so given to routine), would not be discovered to be considerably more versatile in expression than his correspondent at that age. An Everett or a Brougham may enforce his eloquence with the variety of even ten thousand words, and we may well doubt if the commons or the peers listened two hundred years ago to so varied utterances. Granting, however, the reverse, there can be no doubt that in the aggregate usage of all the best speakers of that day the multitude of words in use was far short of what it is now. Currency must necessarily have become extended with the vast strides in almost all departments of learning.

To meet this currency as well as to glean old fields has been the aim of the dictionary-makers, and, other things being equal, the last must always be best. One of the searchers for provincialisms in one of the dialectic districts of England was recently felicitating himself that, notwithstanding there had been two investigations before him, he had succeeded in securing a hundred and fifty new ones. His prospects for the future were apparently not so encouraging, as he laments the increasing efforts of the clergyman and the pedagogue to conventionalize their speech. We can imagine he felt much as Agassiz might should some piscatorial missionary from Cape Cod hasten to the Amazon and warn the native tribes to their holes, in good broad Scotch—

"A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it."

Johnson said of his labors, that every other author

may aspire to praise, but the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach. A constant use of the present volume for a considerable time, and a seeking for errors, have made us conscious of some—not in generalities, indeed, but in points of detail and particular instances, and have shown, what is invariably the case in works of alphabetical arrangement, that the earlier letters are the least perfect; but there is little ground for reproach. To have produced the best dictionary of what must fairly be now considered the most cosmopolite of the world's languages, is no mean praise to all concerned; and such a superlative has all the more force that among its predecessors is a work so well-considered and so commendable as that of the late Dr. Worcester. This and the other began by rivalry of method. Their divergences in principle have been well nigh eliminated, and the race is now run on the same track. Backers of one side or the other have done much jockeying, but the two nags have shown their bottom, and, according to present appearances, "Noah Webster" shoves ahead.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Asphodel: An American Story.*" Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo.

WE trust that if any of our readers meet with the little volume called "Asphodel," just published by Ticknor & Fields, and grow impatient with the mixed metaphor, false conceits, and cloying imagery of the early pages, they will not throw it aside, but read it to the end, for they will find some merits they would be sorry to lose acquaintance with. In the level passages, and where the narrator is interested in telling her story, the style has a pellucid continuity that is refreshing in these days of jerky spasm and affected quaintness. The writer (and we cannot be mistaken in thinking it a lady) does not value as she ought this easy grace, or she would never overlay it with starched and spangled gauze, or hope to ornament it with pinchbeck jewels. There are, perhaps, a dozen figurative sentences that are done neatly; all the rest it is a pity were not sponged remorselessly away. There are certain runs of thought, like certain styles of beauty, adorned the most when unadorned, and the author of "Asphodel" seems to lack the insight of recognition in that respect. The first part of the book is decidedly the most vitiated, and the rest of it is a proof that, warmed to the utterance of something worth saying, she seems able, with an occasional lapse, of writing as only an intellectual and sharp-sighted woman can write—with grateful ease, nicety of touch, and harmony of color. It is surprising to see one who can write so well going on innocently in her efforts at fine rhetoric. One would think that the author worked in doubles, and was undone by one of them. It is vastly incongruous to find such purity of aesthetic feeling, such uncontaminated utterances on one page, and the opposite blotched by the very affectation that you could have sworn the writer would never have committed. There are some traits that would mark the novice, idealizations of the hours, the seasons, the aspects of climate, nature, and the like. One always thinks, when starting to write, that he can do these things better, or, at least, as well, as has been done, and he would be a remarkable tyro who was guiltless of the attempt. We suspect the present author will not do so much of this in any subsequent book. It is repeated to the very limit of sufferance in her present volume, sometimes in very lively little glimpses of feeling, and again crudely colored and very *painty*. In some fundamental matters the book promises well. It has a substratum of excellent idiomatic style, and its blemishes are rather excrescences than ingrained. We can fancy the author a few years hence running a disgusted pen rather petulantly through much that he or she now thinks happy, and substituting some straightforwardness for the present garish impertinences. Carlyle makes it one of Goethe's strong excellences that he has nothing of these ready-made colored-paper metaphors sewed or plastered on the surface by way of giving an ornamental finish to the rag web already woven; and it is a high praise for one who affects the metaphorical vein to say that he reaches the skill of Goethe in this way. His art is like a rainbow to a conflagration compared with Richter's, and has all the greater accompanying purity of atmosphere. Jean Paul has ruined more fledgelings than all that he ever did is worth; and his authority is likely to be as transient as "Lyly's Euphuës." The art of tropical expression is a subtle one, and we suspect this German rhapsodist, execrable proto-

type as he is, has had an undue influence on the author of "Asphodel." There are few things more provoking to a sympathetic reader than a ticketed trope, "good for a through trip," with all the way stations marked on the reverse side, as much as to say, You are a stranger on this line and we will kindly tell you how you are getting on. You look out the car windows and you see every station distinctly labeled with the equivalent ideas. A single buoyant impulse of the true spirit, carrying you up as in a balloon whence you survey the whole scope at once, rids us of this cramped, confined, conductor-guarded existence, and we revel as a writer should always wish his reader to revel. Take such a sentence as this: "The dew of youth and the mystery of morning had fled, and the approaching sun of noon was ripening the dim purpose they foreshadowed; it lighted the sharp edges of the world, and gave her pain until she saw the great rocks of love and friendship fling their broad and kindly shadows over her weary land." One feels in going through such a sentence as that just as the tourist does when listening to the old soldier of Lundy's Lane, who tells for ever on that field the same routine words, and is put out of continuity if you make a suggestion. It has all the impertinences of the guide-book which tells what to admire and when to do it. On the same page there is another quite different. A woman is watching the departing ship which carries her husband away: "For a moment it was possible to discern the filling sails; then the winds seemed to bear the winged thing suddenly out of the world into the golden chambers of the East." Barring the triteness of the last metaphor, the seeming metamorphosis of a ship lifted by the looming out of the plane of the material into the sphere of the visionary world, and then vanishing as the shadowed succeeds the illuminated side of the sails, is delicately hinted and suggestive in such feeling as would not arise had the comparison been proportioned out in a balance. Mr. Aldrich has something like it in his "Judith."

"And in the East she saw the early dawn
Breaking the night's enchantment—saw the moon,
Like some van sorceress, vanish in mid-heaven,
Leaving a moth-like glimmer where she died."

The other is perhaps more delicately limned; this is marked with a precision that might have been a failure in less adroit hands. As a matter of contrast, we do not recall a more perfect specimen of bungling distinctness of imagery than in one of Sir Richard Blackmore's epics, where he likens the tempestuous sea flinging up its spray to the clouds to

"Some prodigious water engine made
To play on heaven, if fire should heaven invade."

Is it a wonder that Blackmore's epics are a synonym for all that is inane and vile?

In the matter of plot and delineation of character there seems to me a happy suggestiveness. Sundry little strokes tell effectively; and the personages are something more than galvanized puppets or beside themselves with laughing gas. The personages do not seem unnatural, as sometimes they do in books, when you find it impossible to put your finger on any one point and say, "Here is the departure from truth." The unravelment of the conjoining affairs that brought so much distress upon all may seem in one or two particulars a little cloudy, since the method the writer seems fond of pursuing is one of intimations rather than of explicit design. And it is strange, too, to revert to the style again, that she could not have let this same process govern her metaphor. One could point out one here and there that had been exquisite if but a single sly word had given the requisite color to dissolve the thought; while with the full parallelisms that are wrought out the design becomes repulsive from a mere spirit of arbitrary dictation. It is like reading Fechter's copy of "Hamlet," with all his meretricious stage directions, that do not leave you free to the use of your own instincts.

"*Honor May: A Novel.*" Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

IN "Honor May," though upon the subject of sweet sounds, we cannot find anything like the purity and wholesomeness of style that the writer of "Asphodel" has shown she can write, if she would. Indeed, except to a devotee of the musical art, there is little of interest in this story. It is written in short, snapping sentences, which have no affinity to the modulating continuity of pleasurable sounds. To the adept in music its thought may be of value, but it may well be doubted if a treatise embodying them in twenty pages would not please even such better than four hundred pages which have neither enough of story to interest nor enough of instruction, probably, to pay for the time of reading. In making one of the characters promulgate as a new revelation the subtle associations of colors and sounds, the author (a woman again, we doubt not) seems to forget Locke's instancing just the same

parallelism of the sound of the trumpet with the idea of scarlet, referring it to an actual definition of that color by a blind man. The suggestion is one of feeling merely, and not of reason, and Locke's hard mind treats it with the derision he would bestow upon Sancho Panza's faculty of seeing his Dulcinea by hearsay. Such a book as the present one would fare hard with Locke's rigid mentality. It is only pardonable as the work of an enthusiast; but while enthusiasm is so great a helper to ideal attainments, there is always the danger of its beclouding the region it works in with the usual mystifying fumes of a high temperature. The author of "Honor May" has just this atmosphere about her, and her characters too plainly breathe it. It takes away their vitality, and they move more like automatons than like human beings of flesh and blood. This was not the case in "Asphodel." There the personages, without being accurately individualized so that you could swear to them in life, as not a few novelists create characters, were still artistic sketches, that suggested nature, if not the thing itself. The air of that romance, if tainted occasionally, was on the whole fresh and somewhat fragrant. In "Honor May" the atmosphere is a medicated one—it nauseates ordinary readers, and can hardly invigorate extraordinary ones. We cannot presume to say what merits the professional musician can find in it; but to the general reader it is without attractions. That it should be written shows that to one being at least, an enthusiasm for music, tantamount to everything else, yearned for utterance; if it sells it will be to such as test a prima donna's accuracy with little silver tuning-forks in the parquet at the opera. There are said to be such people, with misshapen heads, in the community—innocent souls and quite amusing to lookers-on. If "Honor May" runs off sundry editions we shall know how numerous they are, and have a new item for the census tables, not without interest, perhaps, to the statisticians at the Somerville Asylum for the Insane!

"Leighton Court. A Country House Story." By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE third novel of this batch is Henry Kingsley's "Leighton Court." Here we have practiced workmanship; facility running sometimes into sham and stage tricks and forgetfulness of the genuine spirit; but the eye of an adept to see contrasts, and the sense to touch upon that unexpectedness of thought which is so much like wit itself, if not indeed the true article. Unbridled imagination, turning and twisting a characteristic into all lights, brings likewise with it not a little license of style—Gallicisms, Scotticisms, slang of all kinds. It is accepted for its spirit, and questioned for its effect, ulterior to the mere hour's reading. The book rushes along livelier than one trained to the slow plodding of "Honor May" could well endure.

LITERIANA.

AMERICAN.

MR. DAVID G. FRANCIS, of this city, is about to publish what we cannot but think the most important work of the kind ever reprinted in this country, Mr. J. Payne Collier's "Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books in English Literature." Considerable familiarity with the ground gone over thereby, and a tolerable acquaintance with similar works, as the "Censura Literaria," "Restituta," "British Bibliographer," and other publications of Brydges and Haslewood, enable us in some degree to appreciate the immense amount of labor involved in its compilation, the wide range of Mr. Collier's reading in early English literature, and the innumerable facts which he has brought together concerning the specialties of his volume. The task which he set himself was a much more difficult one than that pursued by any of his predecessors, especially by the two just mentioned, who were content to describe and to quote from many volumes which were not rare in the strict sense of the term; all such volumes he passed over, and, indeed, all, or nearly all, that had been described by previous bibliographers, seeking only what his large knowledge of the subject assured him were the rarest books in the language—so rare, in some cases, that only one copy of them is known to exist. This proceeding adds a value to his work which it could not otherwise have obtained, making it a supplement to everything of the kind which preceded it, and rendering, we cannot but think, any future work, of bulk at least, nearly impossible. The only matter contained in it not entirely new is the substance of the famous "Bridge-water Catalogue" which Mr. Collier made many years ago for the Earl of Ellesmere, and the very limited edition of which that munificent collector distributed as presents in different quarters of the globe. He afterwards gave Mr. Collier permission to make what use he pleased of it, and

he has accordingly reproduced it. Thus much concerning Mr. Collier's *magnum opus*, upon which he may safely rest his reputation as a scholar, and now for a few extracts from it.

Here is an epigram by John Raster, one of the very minor English poets, selected from his "Booke of the Seuen Planets" (1598), a brochure against William Alabaster, another minor poet, who enjoys the honor of being mentioned by name in Spenser's "Colin Clout's come Home Again."

"AD LECTOREM EPIGRAMMA AUTHORIS.

"Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

"If Lippus read my bookes, they beare-eyde be;
If Linx, all spots, such cleight have those beasts.
One sees too much, another cannot see:
Mens taste of wit be diverse, as of feasts."

Here are three more epigrams from a volume of anagrams in Latin and English, "Anagrammata Regia" (1626), the writer of which is not known, though Mr. Collier supposes him to be a John Peny or Penny, translating thus the anagram on his name at the end, "I pen hony."

"TO A CERTAINE WRITER.

"Halfe of your Booke is to an Index growne:
You giue your Booke Contents, your readers none."

"OF ROBERTUS.

"Robertus when he saw Thieves hanged, then
Hee said, I'll take example by those men;
And so he did, for at the next Assize
He mounts the same Tree for three robberies."

"OF A SCHOOLEMASTER AND HIS SCHOLLER.

"A Pedant ask'd a Puny, rife and bold,
In a hard frost, the Latin word for cold.
I'll tell you out of hand (quoth he), for loe!
I have it at my fingers' ends, you know."

From old Nicholas Breton, the most delicious lyrical poet of his time, whose verses are as modern in thought and versification as those of to-day, Mr. Collier presents a number of delightful extracts, taken from his "Passionate Shepherd, or the Shepherdes Love" (1604), a volume which Mr. Collier pronounces an entire novelty in our poetical annals, since it cannot be traced in any catalogue or work on bibliography. Take this description of a shepherd's life, which reminds us of the two famous poems of Milton, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and "The Shepherd's Hunting" of George Withers, who, in measures of the sort, is not a whit behind his great lyrical master:

"Who can live in heart so glad
As the merrie countreie lad,
Who upon a faire greene balke
May at pleasures sit and walke,
And amide the Azure skies
See the morning Sunne arise?
While he heares in every spring
Flow the birdes doe chirpe and sing:
Or before the houndes in crie,
See the Hare goe stealing by;
Or along the shallow brooke,
Angling with a baited hooke,
See the fishes leape and play
In a blessed sunny day," etc.

And so he proceeds, enumerating a variety of rural sights and sounds, and ending thus passionately regarding his shepherdess:

"For whose sake I say and sweare,
By the passions that I beare,
Had I got a kinglie grace,
I would leane my kinglie place,
And in heart be truele glad!
To become a countreie lad,
Hard to lie and goe full bare,
And to feede on hungry fare,
So I might but live to bee
Where I might but sit and see,
Once a day, or all day long,
The sweet subject of my song;
In Aglailas onely eyes
All my worldly paradise."

We agree with Mr. Collier that such thought and language in this graceful and fanciful department of poetry are not easily to be improved. Equally charming is this little song, or sonnet, as Breton miscalled it, from the same volume:

"Pretty twinkling starry eyes,
How did Nature first devise
Such a sparkling in your sight
As to give love such delight,
As to make him, like a flye,
Play with lookes untill he die?
Sure, yee were not made at first
For such mischief to be curst,
As to kill affection's care,
That doth onely truth declare:
Where worthes wonders never wither,
Love and Beauty live together.
Blessed eyes, then give your blessing,
That in passion's best expressing,
Love, that onely lives to grace yee,
May not suffer pride deface yee;

But in gentle thoughtes directions
Shew the praise of your perfections."

A short poem from George Chapman's "Petrarch's Seven Penitential Psalms" (1612), one of the scarcest of his productions, of which Mr. Collier never saw more than three perfect copies, and a sonnet from Henry Constable's "Diana," only to be found in the unique edition of 1592, must conclude, for this week, our extracts from Mr. Collier's excellent work. Thus Chapman, in his harsh but noble verse:

"OF GREAT MEN.

"When Homer made Achilles passionate,
Wrathfull, revengefull, and insatiate
In his affections, what man will denie
He did compose all that of industrie?
To let man see that men of most renowne,
Strongest, noblest, fairest, if they set not downe
Decrees within them for disposing these
Of judgment, resolution, uprightnesse,
And vertuous knowledge of their use and ends
Mishaps and miseries no lesse extends
To their destruction, with all that they priske
Then to the poorest and the most despicke."

And thus the fluent and conceitful Constable:

"TO HIS ABSENT DIANA.

"Sever'd from sweete Content, my lives sole light,
Banisht by over-weening wit from my desire,
This poore acceptance onely I require,
That though my fault have forc'd me from thy sight,
Yet that thou wouldest (my sorrowes to requite)
Review these Sonnets, pictures of thy praise;
Wherein each wee thy wondrous worth doth raise,
Though first thy worth bereft me of delight.
See them forsaken; for I them forsooke,
Forsaken first of thee, next of my sense:
And when thou deignst on their blacke teares to looke,
Shed not one teare, my teares to recompence;
But joy in this (though Fates against me repine)
My verse still lives to witness thee divine."

Mr. Francis's reprint is much handsomer than the original English edition, which consists of two large octavos, of some six or seven hundred pages each, while his is more conveniently divided into four crown octavos, of between three and four hundred pages each, which are among the very best issues of the Riverside press, being as plain as they are elegant. The edition is a limited one, with seventy-five copies on large-paper at eight dollars a volume, five on Indian paper at ten dollars a volume, and two on drawing-paper, the latter not for sale. The price of the small-paper copies is four dollars a volume, sixteen dollars the set.

A GOOD, complete, uniform edition of the novels, tales, and miscellaneous writings of Thackeray is something to be desired, but not easy of attainment either in England or this country. We know of no complete, uniform English edition of his works, although such an edition exists there of his greater efforts, those which were published in serial form, and which, of course, were of the same size. His lesser stories, as "The Rose and the Ring," "Dr. Birch and his Pupils," etc., were published in different forms, mostly, we believe, as small quartos. The earliest American edition of any of his works was the double-column octavo edition of "Vanity Fair," published by the Harpers, shortly after its appearance in England, and followed, at intervals, by the rest of his novels, most of which appeared serially in the pages of "Harper's Monthly." The Appletons published a number of his minor tales and sketches, some twelve or fifteen years ago, we believe, during his lecture-tour in this country, in a series of red-covered volumes which they were issuing at the time. The Harpers published his lectures, "The English Humorists," and, later, his lectures on "The Four Georges," and, later still, the "Roundabout Papers," all in 12mo volumes. Ticknor & Fields published his poems, and before they were collected in England, by the way, in the usual size of their old issues, which we take to be somewhat less than 12mos. Uniformity and completeness were lacking, and still is, although there are two editions now in progress which do much in that direction—the fine illustrated edition of Thackeray projected by the Harpers, of which only one installment has yet appeared, "Vanity Fair," and the Tauchnitz edition, of which Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are the American publishers. To speak of the Tauchnitz books is almost superfluous, so well are they known and so widely circulated here, yet we must say something of the Thackeray series which the publishers have taken out of the yellow paper cover that clothes the rest of their authors, and have clothed more becomingly, and more enduringly, we had almost written in purple, thinking of the imperial mind we have lost, but we believe we must say in claret—in a binding of claret-colored cloth, with gilt edges, or rather gilt tops, as is the fashion nowadays. The series when completed will consist of thirty volumes, of which ten are already published, "Henry Esmond" filling two, "The New-

comes" four, "Pendennis" three, and "The Yellowplush Papers," viz., "The Memoirs of Charles J. Yellowplush," "The Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche," and "Cox's Diary" one more. What a feast would await the critic could he now sit down for the first time to read and review these admirable books! What pictures of snobbery, "high life below stairs," and glitter, tittle-tattle, and meanness above, he would find rampant in the bad spelling of Yellowplush; what scenes of artist and author life in "Pendennis," and what a wonderful panorama of human life in "The Newcomes"—in our way of thinking, the greatest of Thackeray's works, containing, as it does, a greater variety of characters than he has drawn elsewhere, one of whom, dear, simple-hearted, noble old Colonel Newcome, will remain as a masterpiece of English fiction till the mythical New Zealander shall sit on London Bridge; in other words, till the "crack of doom." But no such critic exists, nor can exist, in this century, nor any such reader as we have imagined him to be, till sundry young gentlemen and ladies, now in small-clothes, shall have ripened into adolescence. It matters not, however, for we who have read Thackeray over and over can and will read him again, returning to him from the somewhat forced humor and the undoubted caricature of Dickens, the mysteries of Wilkie Collins, the dramatic intensities of Charles Reade, and the general badness of Braddon, as one returns to nature from the theater, the police-court, the sick-room, going back, again and again, to his clear, sharp, sad mind, which saw us as we are, not as we pretend to be—the miserable sinners we allow ourselves to be called in the prayer-book, and sometimes confess to ourselves, and never so sincerely as when reading the Master Thackeray. It was not to run off in this way, however, that we took up the pen, but merely to announce the series in question, which we commend to our readers, wishing it the success it deserves.

WEST UNION, IOWA, April 21, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can any of your "knights" inform me where or how I can get one or two copies of the "Literary Remains of Willis Gaylord Clark, including 'Ollipodiana,' and Miscellaneous Prose and Poetry," fourth edition, published by Stringer & Townsend, 1851? Stringer & Townsend were succeeded by another firm, I believe, whose name I cannot learn, and therefore my appeal to you.

If you can answer this you will oblige a subscriber. Truly yours,

C. H. TALMADGE.

The volume is out of print, though copies of it are occasionally to be found in the second-hand bookstores. Mr. W. A. Townsend, of the firm of Stringer & Townsend, is still in business as a bookseller, in this city. His address has escaped us, but a letter directed to him in New York could hardly fail to reach him.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you or any one tell me what the good news was the transmission of which Robert Browning has so graphically described in "How the Good News Came from Ghent to Aix?" L.

The poem in question, we have somewhere read, is based upon no known historical incident, being merely the embodiment of Browning's conception of a night-ride in war-time.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER & Co. removed on the first of May to 654 Broadway.

MISS AMANDA JONES sends us, from Buffalo, the following poem, which strikes us as one of the best which the war has produced. A little too rhetorical, perhaps, in its structure, its grave, sweet thoughts are clothed in appropriate music, which, to our ears, has a noble roll:

THRENODY.

I.
Dread night of War, ah, fade and fleet!
With those, thy lurid phantoms fade!
Leave thou no shadow at thy feet,
But such as erst the lilies made.
No longer pour on wave and shore
Thy vial-drops of Plague and Pain,
Let Peace her stainless dew restore,
And breathe her holy balms again.

II.
Alas! but if the lilies blow,
Fast crowding through each clasping sheath,
They need but gather all their snow
From out the wintry graves beneath!
Or if the silver rains abound,
Or pure with balm be Summer's breath,
Dews will but damp the funeral mound,
And every wind will sing of Death.

III.
O, ardent soul that loved the right,
Most noble youth who grasped the brand,
When Freedom from her towers of light
Called, far and near, "Come, save the land!"
Friend, brother—in the rush and roar
Of battle-tides swept out to sea,
We stand together on the shore
And all our hearts cry out for thee.

IV.
Oh, lost! no more when feasts invite
And airs grow rich with jest and song,
When sorrow, ghost-like, flits from sight,
Wilt thou the cheery laugh prolong;
For thee shall roses bloom no more,
Nor rivers roll, nor fountains play,
No sunsets blush, nor soft winds soar,
Nor white moons charm the night away.

V.
And yet arise the glowing morns,
The starry evenings yet return;
Still Love her golden shrine adorns
And bids the costly spices burn;
But if some far land stays the sea,
If tides that sink will surely swell,
If costlier spices burn for thee,
Oh, who the precious news will tell?

VI.
What stream our valley shades will cleave,
Crystal with leaping mountain rills,
Some verdant laurel-shred to leave,
And prove thee dweller on the hills?
What bird her snowy wing will launch
O'er floods where suns may never shine,
To bring the little flowering branch,
And prove the whole sweet Summer thine?

VII.
Howbeit for these we vainly yearn—
What song nor cymbal may recite,
Nor eager eye and ear discern,
Our vibrant hearts will learn aright;
And sinking into sunless sleep,
The glad refrain will murmur o'er,
"Now drift us on, dark rolling deep,
A friend will meet us on the shore!"

VIII.
Phantoms of War, ah, fade and fleet!
The lilies lift their chaliced snow,
Soft are the dews, the balms are sweet,
Some breath of Heaven begins to blow.
And far and near the voice we hear,
Of Freedom chanting o'er her slain,
"The night is past, the dawn is clear—
Oh, sleepers pale, arise and reign!"

THE second number of "The Galaxy," which is enlarged sixteen pages, contains a paper by Miss Frances Power Cobbe on "The Fallacies of Memory;" the first of a series of articles by Prof. Blot on cookery; a paper by General Cluseret on the "Home of Victor Hugo," with two illustrations; and papers by Mr. Richard Grant White, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, Dr. W. H. Draper, John Esten Cooke, Rose Terry, and the author of "Emily Chester," besides the continuation of the serial novels of Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Edwards. We copy below a characteristic poem:

SPOKEN AT SEA.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF THE STEAMSHIP VIRGINIA.

Twelve hundred miles and more
From the stormy English shore,
All aright, the seventh night,
On her course our vessel bore.
Her lantern shone ahead,
And the green lamp and the red
To starboard, and to larboard,
Shot their light.

Close on the midnight call
What a mist began to fall,
And to hide the ocean wide,
And to wrap us in a pall!
Beneath its folds we past:
Hidden were shroud and mast,
And faces, in near places
Side by side.

Sudden there also fell
A summons like a knell:
Every ear the words could hear—
Whence spoken, who could tell?
"What ship is this? where bound?"
Gods, what a dismal sound!
A stranger, and in danger,
Sailing near.

"The Virginia, on her route
From the Mersey, seven days out;
Fore and aft, our trusty craft
Carries a thousand souls, about."
"All these souls may travel still,
Westward bound, if so they will;
Bodies rather, I would gather!"
Loud he laughed.

"Who is't that hails so rude,
And for what this idle mood?
Words like these, on midnight seas,
Bode no friend nor fortune good!"
"Care not to know my name;
But whence I lastly came,
At leisure, for my pleasure,
Ask the breeze."

To the people of your port
Bear a message of this sort:
Say, I haste unto the West,
A sharer of their sport.
Let them sweep the houses clean:
Their fathers did, I ween,
When hearing of my nearing
As a guest!

As by Halifax ye sail
And the steamship England hail!
Of me, then, bespeak her men;
She took my latest mail—
'Twas somewhere near this spot;
Doubtless they've not forgot.
Remind them (if you find them!)
Once again.

Yet that you all may know
Who is't that hailed you so
(Slow he saith, and under breath),
I leave my sign below!"
Then from our crowded hold
A dreadful cry aroiled,
Unbroken, and the token—
It was Death.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

FOREIGN.

THE elder, or poetic Edda, generally known as "The Edda of Saemund the Learned," has recently been rendered into English from the Icelandic, and with considerable success, the anonymous translator making no pretension to elegance, but aiming, as he should, at a faithful reproduction of the sense of his original, and conveying in a homely, metrical way its wild and simple poetry. His general manner may be gathered from a couple of stanzas descriptive of the ash Yggdrasil and the three Norns:

"I know an ash standing
Yggdrasil hight
A lofty tree, laved
With limpid water:
thence came the dews
into the dales that fall:
ever stands it green
over Urd's fountain.

"Thence come maidens,
much knowing,
three from the hall
which under that tree stands:
Urd hight the one,
the second Verandil,—
on a tablet they graved—
Skuld the third.
Laws they established,
life allotted
to the sons of men;
destinies pronounced."

MR. RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH, principal of the Sanskrit College, Benares, has just published a series of Indian idyls, translated from the Sanskrit. How excellently his task, by no means an easy one, has been performed may be seen by this charming study from nature, a perfect gem in its way:

THE RAINS.

Who is this that driveth near,
Heralded by sounds of fear?
Red his flag, the lightning's glare
Flashing through the murky air
Pealing thunder for his drums,
Royally the monarch comes.
See, he rides amid the crowd,
On his elephant of cloud,
Marshaling his kingly train;
Welcome, O thou Lord of Rain
Gathered clouds, as black as night,
Hide the face of heaven from sight
Sailing on their airy road,
Sinking with their watery load,
Pouring down a flood of tears;
Pleasant music to our ears.
Woe to him whose love's away;
He must mourn while all are gay.
Every cooling drop that flows
Swells the torrent of his woes.
If he raise his tearful eye,
Indra's Bow, that spans the sky,
Strung with lightning, hurls a dart
Piercing through his lonely heart
For the clouds, in fancy's dream,
Belted with the lightning's gleam,
Conjure up the flashing zone
Of the maid he calls his own;
And the lines of glory there
Match the gems she loves to wear.
Earth, what dame has gems like thine,
When thy golden fire-flies shine?
When thy buds of emerald green
Deck the bosom of their Queen?
Look upon the woods, and see
Bursting with new life each tree.
Look upon the river side,
Where the fawns in lilies hide.
See the peacocks hail the rain,
Spreading wide their jeweled train:
They will revel, dance, and play,
In their wildest joy to-day.
What delight our bosom fills,
As we gaze upon the hills,
Where those happy peacocks dance,
And the silver streamlets glance,
And the clouds, enamored, rest,
Like a crown, upon the crest
Of that hill that fainting lay
'Neath the burning summer ray,
While the freshening streams they shed
Glorify his woody head.

Bees, that round the lily throng,
Sooth us with their drowsy song:
Toward the lotus-bed they fly;
But the peacock, dancing by,
Spreads abroad his train so fair,
That they cling deluded there.
Oh, that breeze! his breath how cool!
He has fanned the shady pool:
He has danced with bending flowers,
And kissed them in the jasmine bowers:
Every sweetest plant has lent
All the riches of its scent,
And the cloud who loves him flings
Cooling drops upon his wings.

A RELIC of Tom Killegrew, Charles the Second's Master of the Revels, is about to be sold in London. It is a copy of Diodati's Italian Bible, printed at Geneva in 1641, which Killegrew used in his time, at least to the extent of writing in it a number of memoranda concerning his birth, his marriages, and his children, which correct the mistakes of his biographers, especially in the matter of his birth and death. Wood stated in his "Athenæ" that Killegrew was born at Hanworth, in Middlesex; Killegrew himself writes, "I was born in Lothberry, in London, February the 7, 1611, being a Friday, at 8 in the morning." Wood records his death as taking place March 19, 1632; but Killegrew's son Charles has added to his father's memorandum of his birth, "Died in October, 1632." The name of Killegrew's second wife, whom Wood merely designates as "a Dutch lady," is ascertained by Killegrew's memorandum to have been Charlotte de Hesse, of the Hague, and the date of their marriage January 23, 1655, new style. Killegrew was anything but a great man, and certainly a very indifferent writer, yet we have no doubt but that this relic of his will bring a good price.

THE absurd Catholic custom of burning books which do not happen to hit the theological notions of the Holy See is still in force at Rome, where such an *auto-da-fé* recently occurred, which is thus described by a correspondent of the *Sicile*:

"Strangers being very numerous at Rome on account of the Holy Week, an attempt has been made to afford them some amusement. On last Sunday week, we learn by letters, an enormous tripod, surrounded by a large quantity of faggots, and guarded by eight gendarmes, was erected in the Piazza San Carlo, before the church of that name, one of the most frequented parts of the Corso. Towards six o'clock one of the missionaries advanced, and from the top of a platform announced to the crowd that his crusade against wicked books had met with unexpected success. 'The unfortunate persons, deceived and seduced by the writings of Rénan, Proudhon, etc., have hastened to bring them to their confessors, and it has been resolved to burn the whole publicly.' At this moment the doors of the church opened, and, amid the noise of bells and the chants of the monks and penitents, the pile was lighted. The missionary seized a book and threw it into the flames with a triumphant air. It was the 'Vie de Jésus.' Volume succeeded volume. Some hundreds of romances were soon no more than empty smoke, in the middle of which from time to time some jets of turpentine thrown in flared up to render the flame more brilliant. Some bengal lights would have been better, but it appears they had been rejected as involving too great an expense."

THE old College of Physicians, built by Sir Christopher Wren, in Warwick Lane is about to be pulled down, and its materials are advertised for sale. The readers of English poetry can hardly fail to recall Garth's description of it in his "Dispensary":

"There stands a Dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height,
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill."

THE sacred literature of England has sustained a loss by the death of the Rev. John Keble, the author of "The Christian Year," who died at Bournemouth on the 29th of March. The date of his birth is uncertain, one account placing it in 1789, another, being that of Sir John Coleridge, Keble's intimate friend for over fifty years, some three years later. The son of the Vicar of Fairford, he was educated at home by his father, and when quite young obtained a Gloucestershire scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where, in 1810, he took a first class prize in classics and mathematics, and two years later the Chancellor's prize for the English and Latin essays, the former being entitled, "On Translations from the Dead Languages," and the latter, "Xenophontis res bellicas, quibus ipse interfuit, narrantis, cum Cæsare comparatio." Elected fellow of Oriol, he was Public Examiner in the university 1814-16 and 1821-23. "The Christian Year," the work by which he is best known, and which has probably exercised a greater influence on the religious thought of England than any single volume of verse, not even excepting Herbert's, was published anonymously in 1827, the expenses of its publication being defrayed by Keble's friend, Sir John Coleridge. Its great popularity, which has carried it through eighty editions, not only enabled Keble to pay off this debt, but to rebuild the

parish church at Hursley at his own cost. In 1831 he succeeded Dean Milman as professor of poetry at Oxford, holding the appointment eleven years. During this time he was presented the vicarage of Hursley with Otterbourne and Ampfield, near Winchester. Besides "The Christian Year," Keble was the author of the "Lyra Innocentium," and one of the authors of the "Lyra Apostolica," where his poems are distinguished by the Greek letter γ . He contributed five numbers to the famous "Tracts for the Times," viz.: 4, 13, 40, 52, and 89, and wrote, among other things, two pamphlets which excited considerable attention at the time, "On the Admission of Dissenters to Oxford" and "Profane Dealing with Holy Matrimony." His other works were "Praelationes Academicæ," two volumes of sermons; "The Child's Christian Year;" and the "Psalms of David in English Verse." He also edited Hooker's works for the Clarendon press, and was associated with Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman in editing "The Library of the Fathers" and the "Anglo-Catholic Library."

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA has in the press a collection which he entitles "Yankee Drolleries," and which is made up of the most heterogeneous materials, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" lying cheek by jowl with Artemas Ward and old Major Jack Downing, while Hosea Biglow fetches up with Petroleum V. Naseby, Mr. Sala acting as showman for the whole, introducing each in turn to the mystified British Lion, who must by this time be in a state of idiocy from over much feeding on American humor.

THE last old book catalogue of Joseph Lilly has a copy of a rather scarce book, John Davies's "Scourge of Folly," a volume of epigrams and short pieces, which contains some verses "To our English Terence, Mr. William Shakespeare," on his "Venus and Adonis." As they are not always to be found when wanted, we give them below in the quaint typography of the time, 1610:

"Another (ah, Lord help me) vilifies
With Art of Love, and how to subtilize,
Making lewd Venus with eternal Lines
To tye Adonis to her love's designs;
Fine wit is shown therein: but finer 'twere
If not attired in such bawdy Geare.
But be it as it will, the coyest Dames
In private read it for their Closet-games;
For, sooth to say, the lines so draw them on
To the venerian speculation,
That will they kill they (if of flesh they be),
They will thinke of it, sith loose Thought is free."

MORITZ HARTMANN, one of the best of the younger German poets, is rapidly taking a position among the novelists. His latest productions, "Nach der Natur," three volumes of short tales, and "Die letzten Tage eines Königs," a graphic picture of the closing scenes in the career of Murat, are characterized by well-constructed plots and interesting situations, and are written with grace and spirit.

THE April number of "Fraser" contains the last writing of the late Dr. Whewell, a paper on Grote's "Plato," which was left unfinished by his death, and which he tried to complete after the accident which resulted so fatally, being found at work upon it by his attendant after a momentary absence of the latter. The same number of "Macmillan" has a graceful paper, "William Whewell, in Memoriam," which will be read with interest even in this country where the great master of Trinity was little but a name.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. J. B. KIRKER announces "The Outcast: a Tale of Irish Life," by the late Col. Michael Doheny.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS have in the press "A History of the Anti-Slavery Struggle in the United States," by William Lloyd Garrison.

LORING announces "Kissing the Rod," "Land at Last," and "Running the Gauntlet," by Edmund Yates.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN has a new work in the press entitled "The Crown of Wild Olive."

MR. H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL is about to publish a volume under the title of "Fishing Gossip."

MR. JOHN CAMPBELL COLQUHOUN announces "William Wilberforce, his Friends and Times."

MR. J. G. DAVIS will soon publish "Thoughts on Great Painters."

MISS MARGARET HOWITT has nearly ready "Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden."

DR. FRANCIS E. ANSTIE has in the press "Notes on Epidemics."

MAJOR W. ROSS KING is about to publish "The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada."

MRS. ELLIS has in the press a volume entitled "The Beautiful in Nature and Art."

A R T.

PHILADELPHIA ART NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1866.

THE only novelty during the last week in this straight-lined city has been the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which opened on Monday. It is scarcely up to the average of merit and attraction. Our own best artists have not contributed freely, and, in this Pennsylvanian exhibition, works of art from other places occupy leading positions on the walls. Pictures which have been seen in other exhibitions, within the last six months, and also in shop-windows and auction sales, cannot be classed as novelties. The hanging committee have not given satisfaction—to do so would have been difficult. There is a grudge, at present, against New York on the ground of the National Academy of Design there having "slaughtered" every Philadelphia picture sent to its present exhibition, with the exception of three by Mr. G. C. Lambdin, an honorary associate at New York, who has been on the Philadelphia hanging committee this year. There are some good contributions by New York artists, but the process of weeding might have been judiciously applied.

Another thing, too—rather the misfortune than the fault of the hangers—is the fact that often when pictures are sent in it is with a stipulation that they shall be well placed, for a gentleman who has paid a large sum for a painting does not like to have its value depreciated by its being placed so as to imply that it was not of superior merit. Pictures should be hung according to novelty of subject, novelty of treatment, the reputation, and sometimes the novelty, of the artist. To crane up one's neck to see a picture near the ceiling, or run the chance of injuring one's spine by stooping down near the floor, is not pleasant to spectator or artist. To place a low-toned painting near one which is a glare and glow of color is, in the words of art, "to kill it off." For example, "A Stall in the Arms Bazaar at Constantinople," by Walter Gould, a Philadelphian living in Florence, laboriously rather than successfully painted, with figures telling no story, but unmitigatedly raw and glaring (a large copy of this is in the New York exhibition), is surrounded by small, neat, low-toned pictures, which, abounding as it does in flaming vermilion, it literally extinguishes—so much so that Mr. Galvan withdrew his charming cabinet picture ("The Old Story," a love rencounter in the woodlands), rather than have its character destroyed by contiguity to the fiery atmosphere of the Turkish stall. Among the badly-placed pictures is a "Lion's Head," by H. C. Bispham, put close up to the ceiling, whereby it is so unnaturally foreshortened that the expression is wholly altered, and gaslight gleams upon it in the evening fierce as fiery flame from a furnace.

Of the usual contributors, some are remembered by their absence, such as the brothers Moran. Rothermel has sent little—his "Paul Preaching at Athens"—finely-colored, full of feeling, breathing expression, and especially fortunate in the variety of the faces which he has drawn—and a little gem called "Desdemona." A few pieces by Hamilton are here, but none sent by himself. A few, too, by the veteran Sully, who, at the age of eighty-three, cannot paint with the freshness and vigor of other days. Mr. Blauvelt, formerly of New York, who is about removing to the banks of the Hudson, has two small pictures, "Going to School" and "The Lost Child," well hung and very good. E. D. Lewis has several landscapes; in the place of honor in the principal room, now occupied by "Mount Morra," a foreign picture, Mr. Lewis's "Edge of a Forest on the Susquehanna" should have been hung. John Faulkner, an Irish painter of great ability, a newcomer to this city, has a fine Scottish landscape badly hung, and the same may be said of "A Sandstorm in the Desert," by C. G. Rosenberg, the most original subject in the gallery, brilliant but not "loud" in color. By Clarence Mayer is "Recognition," touching in its simple subject—a rebel soldier discovering his own brother in the opponent his bullet has slain. Paul Weber, P. Colman, Hetzel, W. T. Richards, G. B. Wood, and others in the landscape line, are here. One of the best portraits is that of James Hamilton, the marine painter, by Connaroo. Mr. Bensell shows a small full-length of Mr. Lincoln; "The Sunset Inn," by his brother, E. B. Bensell, being hung over Mr. Gould's flaming "Turkish Stall," is entirely negated. Two statuettes of the poets, Longfellow and Bryant, by Mr. Kuntze, now of New York, are greatly admired. But my space is filled, and many pictures must now remain unmentioned.

CONTENTS OF NO. XXXV.

The Undiscovered Country: Poetry. The Brookside in May. Concerning Dictation.	ART: Philadelphia Art Notes.
REVIEWS: The Poetry of the Afghans. Dictionaries.	EDITORIALS: The Arbitrer of Europe. An Oriental Church in New York. Journalism as a Profession.
LIBRARY TABLE: Aspindel. Honor May. Leighton Court.	SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS: The Riverside Press. Hurd & Houghton.
LITERARIANA: Americar. Foreien	CORRESPONDENCE: London. Boston. Philadelphia.
ANNOUNCEMENTS.	

J. H. SWEETSER,
DORSEY GARDNER, } CONDUCTORS.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE ROUND TABLE
OFFICE: 132 NASSAU STREET.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

THE readers of THE ROUND TABLE are informed that Mr. DORSEY GARDNER will be associated with the undersigned in the conduct of this paper from this date.

C. H. SWEETSER.

MAY 1, 1866.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE ROUND TABLE who have changed their places of residence will confer a favor by notifying at this office of such changes, in order to prevent mistakes in the delivery of the paper.

THE ARBITER OF EUROPE.

FOUR leaders of European politics, in our generation, have been worthy of the name of great statesmen—Napoleon, Bismark, Cavour, Palmerston. Many others, like Leopold of Belgium, fall no further down than a second (and in many regards a more honorable) rank. On the world's great stage Napoleon III. stands the foremost figure. That it is not solely the accident of position or circumstance which has given him this prominence is evident from the fact that others have received the same advantages, or greater, without becoming such as he; and, besides, Louis Napoleon made his position, and forced the moves in the game of circumstance. If the whole theater of spectators fixes its eyes on this actor, it is he that has drawn their gaze by his skillful play. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the present German quarrel is the posture of France with regard to it—let us rather say, the position of Napoleon, since that is the position of France. From the moment it broke out all eyes turned to France. It was taken for granted that she would play a principal role in it. This conviction came from historic experience, which had established a general theory or rule, rather than from particular necessity. What has France to do with this affair between Germans? The situation is simple: two robbers, Austria and Prussia, confederated to garrote Denmark, a peaceful citizen; they did so in broad noon—so audaciously as to stupefy most bystanders, who were too selfish, dull, or cowardly to pluck the grasp of the cut-purse from the unoffending throat, or the greedy fist from the pockets. These pockets, being turned inside out, let fall the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, with which the thieves made off; and now they quarrel about sharing the booty. What has France to do in this vile business? Whatever she can do her great ruler will take care to have her do. So surely as war shall be waged between Austria and Prussia, France will "assist" with her watchful presence. But will France take part with Prussia?

It is a question which has been puzzling the speculation of Europe ever since the dispute arose. And whoever reads carefully the foreign news-files as they come by each steamer must have been struck with the fact that the open words and the actions of Prussia and Austria, the prime personages of this drama, have not been more narrowly watched, more anxiously discussed, than the possible intents of France, which, to ordinary observation, ought to be mere spectator. In this strange duel the principals

are hardly so important as the seconds. Speculation is always rife as to what Napoleon will do, and what side he will espouse, as if that were the solution of the whole problem. The diplomatic messages which pass busily to and fro between Mensdorff and Bismark do not attract more attention than the idle Parisian rumors of Napoleon's designs. What trifle can be gathered from some unguarded or ambiguous utterance of an official supposed to enjoy Napoleon's confidence to a limited extent is seized and instantly blown to monstrous proportions—so eagerly do men watch the imperial throne of France. When Marshal Niel, a very excellent soldier, was only reported to be in Paris *incognito*, and to have had several interviews with the Emperor, both Paris and London resounded with the rumor of menacing warlike preparations on the part of France. The quidnuncs recalled how the same soldier went to Turin to demand the hand of Princess Clotilde for Prince Napoleon, and that shortly afterward the Italian war commenced, and that he must have been then conferring with Piedmont on the situation. They had, in vision, a corps of observation, under Marshal Niel, already on the Rhine; and what is most to the point, this latter speculation seemed so probable that, in spite of all want of foundation, nobody questioned the report or thought it questionable. Nobody even seemed to doubt the right or the propriety of the move. At the very same time we hear that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg (who has a pet theory on the alliance of all lower Germany by the progress of liberalism) is "said to have passed a day in secret converse" with Napoleon, and besought him to pretermitt the designs which the whole world attributed to him. Even more, it was urged and argued with a show of possibility, at the very outbreak of all difficulties, that Bismark was in league with Napoleon; was his ally, if not his cat's-paw; was stirring up the muddy pool of German politics at Napoleon's bidding, induced, of course, by the Emperor's promises. The slate, it was said, was made up at Compiègne, some time since, and Napoleon was at the bottom of the whole scheme.

Prussia is not the only power about which a possible alliance with Napoleon is talked of. Austria is a candidate, according to some observers, for his friendship. The chances are carefully weighed for and against this theory. If France sides with Prussia, the latter will give her surely a slice of territory in payment—some chaldrons of coal out of Sarrelouis, at all events, says the masked pamphleteer whom we have already quoted. But, say the Austrian party, if France takes part with the Kaiser, she may conquer more than she could have by gift—she may go to the Rhine if she wills. Yes, responds Berlin, but the Austrians are unpopular in France, and great as he is, the Emperor must not too often oppose the public opinion, as that Mexican business shows, and so on. Europe, continental and insular, hangs upon the decision of the arbiter of its fate. Whether war will break out, seems now hardly possible; whether Napoleon will himself beat the bush, or will suffer Austria and Prussia to beat it, while he stands by to catch the birds, remains to be seen. But, if war be waged, into whatever scale Napoleon flings his sword the other one will kick the beam.

AN ORIENTAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

THE *Moscow Gazette* in a recent number published a long article on the union of the Anglo-American with the Orthodox (from a Russian view) church. This union has been long talked of in Russia, England, and America, and clerical emissaries have gone backward and forward to make proposals and meet objections. In New York there has been a "Russo-Greek committee," composed of Episcopal clergymen, who have issued various tracts and translations of the liturgies of the Greek church, but without any great effect. In England a large meeting of clergymen and bishops was held a short time ago, at the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at which Prince Orloff appeared in behalf of the Russian church. No agreement for intercommunion was made, however, and the matter was postponed for further agitation. The *Moscow Gazette*, the organ of the national ultra-Russian party, speaks of the leanings of the Episcopal to the Eastern church, and gives many reasons why a

reunion is desirable, and informs us that, as a first step to such reunion, an "Orthodox" church is to be established in New York by the Russian government. Mr. Stoeckl, the Russian ambassador, intends to build the church by subscription. He has already raised some \$2,000 from the Greeks and Slaves residing here. The remainder of the sum of \$30,000 necessary for the purpose it is proposed to obtain in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and New York. The Russian government will supply the vestments and utensils, and will pay the expenses of the church. It is proposed to have service both in Slavonic and Greek, and it is hoped that by these means the good points of the "Orthodox" church may be shown up, and the cause of Christian unity greatly forwarded.

At the time when the Russian fleet was in this country, the Russian consul at San Francisco was very anxious that a church should be established there, but his request was not granted. Subsequently, on the strong representations of the Greeks living here and in New Orleans, the Greek consul, Mr. Botassi, sent to Greece for a priest to come here, promising that he should be well supported and taken care of. The authorities of the church at Athens selected for this missionary enterprise the Rev Agapius Honchareuko, an intelligent and cultivated man, a Russian by birth, but who had been ordained by the Greek church. When he arrived here, about a year ago, he was at once received with great favor by the consul and the Greek residents, and soon got together a small but flourishing congregation. The Russo-Greek committee of the Episcopal church patronized him, and offered him the use of St. John's Chapel for his ministrations. They also obtained for him a situation to teach Greek in the parish school, and got for him some private pupils. The Rev. J. F. Young, the acting head of the committee, arranged a grand celebration of the mass in Trinity Chapel, on the birthday of the Czar, and invited Father Agapius to officiate. The service was held, to the surprise of all good Episcopallians, and called down many Catholic and Presbyterian reproaches. Father Agapius wrote to his personal friend, the Metropolitan of Moscow, accounts of his infant church, and requested contributions for it. After some time in New York he went to New Orleans, where he remained nearly a month, to the great satisfaction of all his co-religionists, many of whom had never been baptized, or had received the sacraments.

During his absence a storm was raised. The Russian minister had discovered that Father Agapius when in Greece had written some articles for *Herzen's Bell*, a liberal, indeed red republican, Russian paper, published in London, and among others some which reflected on life in the Russian monasteries. He immediately informed the Greek consul that the Russian government did not approve of Father Agapius, and could not support or countenance him; that he was a heretic, and a person of low moral character. A secret meeting of the Greeks was called, and it was proposed to them that if they would repudiate their pastor the Russian government would give them a church and a priest free of all expense to them. The Greeks, thus influenced, accepted the gift, and agreed to throw up the obligations they had assumed, on the strength of which Father Agapius had come to America. When he returned from New Orleans, therefore, he found all his former friends turned against him, and not only that, but the charitable Russo-Greek committee turned him out of their school, seduced away his other pupils, and advised all persons whom they knew to have nothing to do with him, as he was an impostor, a liar, and a drunkard. The Russian influence was so strong that it followed him in everything he attempted to do. An intimate friend of his, an agent of the Russian government, removed from the house that he was residing in, and kept from seeing him in the day time, for fear lest he too would become suspected. The Greek consul detained the letters addressed to his care, and absolutely refused to deliver to Father Agapius a present sent to him by the Metropolitan of Moscow, on the pretense that it was intended for the Greek church, and not for him. Mr. Young, who had previously offered him money for the service in Trinity Chapel, which Father Agapius, from religious

delicacy, had refused to accept in that form, but had requested to be put in the form of a ring or other memento, now utterly refused to give him anything, and said that he had never been under any obligations to him. He nevertheless carried his Christian charity so far as to injure his character with other men, without the slightest ground or reason, except the representations of the Russian minister, and the fact that he was then living in the house of an Italian exile. Unable to obtain pupils, his church broken up, and his character maligned by his pretended friends, the missionary priest was obliged to labor with his hands to keep from starving. He fortunately knew something of printing, and he at last obtained employment in a printing office, where we believe he still is.

After such acts of servility and meanness on the part of both the Greeks and the Russo-Greek committee, we can hardly augur very well for the new "Orthodox" church; and we think that the hoped-for subscriptions from American merchants will not be very large.

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.

IT is a common mistake of young men that all that is needed to make a good editor is an aptitude for writing readily and attractively. Valuable as this talent may be and undoubtedly is for journalistic purposes, it is one of the least important requisites for one who would be a successful editor. This point has been urged so persistently in *THE ROUND TABLE* that we are not surprised to see that Mr. Parton has enforced it with more than usual ability in his interesting article on "The New York Herald," printed in the last issue of the "North American Review." We style it interesting because it contains facts that must be new to the general public and because it tells what few writers would be willing to disclose about the conduct of our daily newspapers. Wrong in many of its deductions, the article is correct in the general statement that that journal will succeed the best which pays the most attention to the collection of news. After all, what the public wants is news—the fullest, latest, and most reliable intelligence that it is possible to obtain. Yet, in addition to this, it craves opinions upon the news, but only as a secondary matter, and if one or the other must be relinquished, editorials will be given the go-by.

Though it is not our intention to controvert what we deem the misstatements of Mr. Parton in the article above mentioned, we should be false to ourselves were we not to denounce the spirit of laudation of one James Gordon Bennett which pervades his contribution to the "North American Review." Grant that this man Bennett founded and still edits the best newspaper in the country; grant that he has evinced a degree of shrewdness and a perception of the public wants far exceeding that shown by any journalist previous to his day; grant that the *Herald* is to-day the foremost newspaper in the United States—and all this must in honesty be admitted—there remains the disgraceful record of how this success was attained. Any man who will renounce all the principles of honor that obtain among gentlemen, and will deliberately print to the world what he knows to be violations of confidence, is sure of making money; and, as a general rule, the worse a publication is the more certain is it to prosper. There is somehow in human nature an instinctive craving for what is bad, equalled only by a relish for defamatory comments upon the conduct of others. For example, if one of our daily papers were to publish to-morrow exclusive intelligence concerning the trouble between Austria and Prussia and another were to print some revelations concerning the private life of President Johnson, whether true or false, ten copies of the latter journal would be sold to one of the former. Strange as it may seem, and libelous upon human nature as it may be deemed, men like to be shocked. Denounce this disposition as you may, inveigh against it as strenuously as you can, and the fact remains that the mass of mankind relish reading what grates upon their moral sensibilities. The proper function of an honorable journalist is to correct this depraved taste; but a bad man will pander to it. And this is just what this James Gordon Bennett has done and is doing. He may point to the *Herald* and claim that

it is the most successful newspaper in the country. So it is, so far as profits and enterprise in the collection of news go. But is success a mere matter of dollars and cents? If so, then the wretch who steals a hundred thousand dollars in a night is more successful than his neighbor who amasses that sum after years of honest toil. The one is a successful thief, the other a successful man. But enough of this matter.

The great mistake of men who enter the profession of journalism, as was stated at the outset, is holding the chief requisite for success to be ability to write well. Quite as true would it be to say that a talent for public speaking would make one a good lawyer. One of the very best journalists in the country is reputed to seldom write more than a half dozen consecutive lines for the newspaper of which he has the charge. The distinction between an editor and a journalist is not recognized as it should be. The former is simply a writer, competent, perhaps, to discern what should be written to meet the popular wants; the other constantly studies what the public craves, what views should be taken of various subjects that come up for discussion, and more often gives than receives from the editor suggestions which, when carried out, create a demand for the paper that he controls. Mr. Greeley is an editor, Mr. Bennett is a journalist. The former has a personal influence distinct from his paper, and which is necessary to the success of the paper; the latter is nothing outside of the *Herald*, and were he to die, the paper would go on as usual and nobody would miss him. Mr. Bennett may be regarded as the living representative of the *Herald*, while the *Tribune* is the inanimate representative of Mr. Greeley. We select these two men not that we would put them on a par, but simply as the best illustrations of the distinction which we are anxious to explain.

Young men who contemplate becoming journalists should purge themselves of all desire to write editorials, and go to work to learn the routine of the profession. Let them begin as reporters and work their way up, for in this way alone can they acquire the knowledge that is requisite for success in after life. The tact to discern what is news, to determine how to place it before the public, comes by experience, not by intuition; and when this is acquired it will be a simple matter to write editorials. The man who overflows with thoughts is never at a loss for a way of expressing them to others, and, ten chances to one, he will prefer to employ himself with inspiring those about him rather than attempting to put all his conceptions in writing. Another important consideration is that the province of a newspaper is to collect news. To this end everything else should bend. The paper which is the most enterprising in the publication of news is sure to distance its competitors in the long run; and the paper which realizes to the fullest extent Burke's idea of a newspaper, that it is "the history of the world for one day," is certain of achieving a greater degree of success than any of its cotemporaries that regard a journal simply as a medium for the expression of opinion.

Mr. Parton, in the closing sentence of his article, cautiously hints at the idea so often advanced in these columns, that there exists no daily paper which is a worthy representative of this metropolis. In this he is right. There is not a journal in this city, except the *Journal of Commerce*, which does not to some extent tincture its news columns with its editorial opinions. This is disgraceful. It does seem as if the time had gone by when garbled reports of political opponents and dishonest criticisms of public meetings should be given in a first-class newspaper. Yet these things are done every day by nearly every one of our New York dailies, and probably will be done by them until some rival paper is started which by its honesty and impartiality will compel the others to mend their ways. (The worst offender in this respect, we hardly need add, is the subject of Mr. Parton's eulogy.) We, therefore, repeat what we have said before, that there is an opening here for a real newspaper, that shall worthily represent the varied interests of this great metropolis and show the country that there can be such a thing as an able, independent, impartial, and successful journal in New York.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

RIVERSIDE PRESS.

THERE come forth yearly with the imprint of the "Riverside press" something like a hundred different books, added to, say, a thousand new editions from old plates, and altogether there cannot be far from a million samples between covers of this establishment's work to find their way to the public or private eye during a twelvemonth; and such an extent of business has grown from a small beginning.

It was while earning his livelihood as a practical printer that Mr. Henry O. Houghton fitted himself for college, and he took his degree at the University of Vermont. He next went to Boston, and found occupation on the reportorial staff of the *Traveller* newspaper, where for two or three years he was busily engaged in his special duties, varied at times with other writing and proof-reading, and still exercising his craft occasionally in setting the Latin and Greek notes on an edition of "Neander's Church History," then printing at a Boston office.

In 1849, Mr. Charles Bolles, who had been long known in Boston as a practical printer, in the firm of Freeman & Bolles, was instigated by Little & Brown to establish himself in Cambridge, with the promise of constant employment by that well-established house. Through the instrumentality of Mr. Bolles the young reporter on the *Traveller* was urged to become a partner in the scheme. During the interval since his graduation he had been able to liquidate the debts contracted while pursuing his studies, but not as yet to acquire the requisite capital for a new undertaking, however limited. Friends were not wanting, and so the new arrangement was perfected, and Bolles & Houghton began business on a small scale, in 1849, in a building on Remington Street, Cambridge, built for the purpose by Little & Brown. The senior partner was some twenty years the elder of his associate, and a man of conservative disposition and quiet desires, so that when, three years later, the younger member of the firm was desirous of enlarging their facilities, and instituting new schemes in the printing office, Mr. Bolles, satisfied with the success they had so far enjoyed, was inclined to view with distrust any advance in that direction. This divergence of feeling ended in an amicable decision, by which Mr. Bolles withdrew (though he continued connected with the press as its reader till his death), and Mr. Houghton associated with himself a Mr. Hayward, and took possession of a large brick building near the river, which had been heretofore used as an almshouse, which was now fitted to their purposes and given the name since so widely known. This was in 1852. The new partnership was but of short duration, and Mr. Hayward was succeeded by Judge Bennett, of Taunton, Mass., who was ready to furnish the necessary capital to give the new project headway, while the practical management was now entirely in Mr. Houghton's hands. The press was gradually extending its reputation, and added to the constant patronage of Little & Brown a good share of that of Ticknor & Fields, and some portion of that of the late house of Phillips, Sampson & Co. The business thoroughly established, the friendly assistance of Judge Bennett ended with a dissolution of their partnership, and from that time till about two years ago, with the exception of one other brief interval, Mr. Houghton has conducted the business alone.

There was a determination very early manifested at Riverside to venture beyond established routine, as it prevailed generally in our American printing-houses. It was thought that the time was come when bibliomaniacs should more frequently than in an occasional instance find something worthy of their regard in a native imprint. With English books for exemplars, conjoined with some well-defined notions of his own touching the character of the written book as affecting its outward garb, Mr. Houghton succeeded in doing much to help establish the present high character of the best American work. Printing was done at his establishment that even deceived some good eyes into the belief of its English origin, and when we compare the brilliant impressions which were given to the fine engravings that ornament the edition of "Æsop's Fables," which appeared last autumn, with some of the best English work, we can see that in

this difficult department his success has been commensurate with his wishes. We have looked at the impressions of "Webster's Dictionary" printed at Riverside, and compared them with the work done from duplicate plates for the English market by Cowes, one of the best London printers, for Bell & Daldy, only to see not equality, but a marked superiority, in every respect but paper, in the American copies.

It has been claimed for Riverside that its work has not only been handsome, but much care has been taken to make the page easy to be read. One of the means to secure tone and finish to the paper Mr. Houghton held to be the process of hot-pressing for fine work, and this he planned to accomplish not by cylinders, which by giving a gairish effect to the surface had got the process into some disrepute in England, but by flat metal plates. He has persisted in this belief notwithstanding some discouragement, and produces his finest work now by this process, and leaves it to speak for itself. In the matter of ornamenting the page with illuminated initials and head and tail pieces, the Riverside was among the earliest of our presses to revive this old habit, and the printer was put to some straits of ingenuity in devising new and adapting old designs. Another of his projects was to render popular the employment of *laid* paper in printing books. Its use had never been wholly discarded in England since the introduction of *woven* surfaces; but our American paper-makers were long doubtful about undertaking its manufacture for printing purposes, after the fashion had been fully tested for writing papers. Perhaps the earliest case of its use in fine work was an edition of Sir Philip Sydney, issued by T. O. H. P. Burnham in 1860. A more popular work was needed to establish it in general favor, and the Riverside edition of Dickens, just then beginning, was selected for the trial. The first volume came out in 1861, and since then *laid* paper has been no rarity in printed books. We may mention, by the way, that we ascertained at Riverside that they print more copies of "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," and "Old Curiosity Shop" (and for frequency in this order) than of any other of Dickens's novels, which is probably a sign of their relative popularity.

It is claimed at Riverside that the type of antique cut (now in the original shape, or somewhat modified, become so common) is easier to the eye than the modern fonts, and it has accordingly gone forth repeatedly with their imprint since their first introduction of it. This type, which for its jumbling of angularity and roundness, can never in the individual letters be deemed the equal in elegance of the modern style, has, nevertheless, in its heavy face, and slight distinction of stroke and hair line, an open aspect and freedom from crampedness which is very grateful to the wearied eye. The old printers seem to have understood this, and we have heard that one of the most accomplished proof-readers in the country considers the hair-line of some fonts very hurtful to the eye, when incessantly at such collation. In books of small page, and of a character consonant with its associations, Pickering and some others of the best English publishers had occasionally employed it as they had *laid* paper.

The late Mr. James Brown (Little, Brown & Co.), on one of his visits to England, purchased some fonts of it, to introduce its use in some of that house's publications when occasion offered, and these were transferred to Mr. Houghton on their arrival. No opportunity for its use occurring before the death of Mr. Brown, the type remained in the original packages nearly three years, every publisher to whom it was shown signifying a disinclination to attempt the hazardous innovation. It came to the notice of Professor Lowell in 1855, just when he was about to print privately a small edition of the late Mrs. Lowell's poems and he ordered the initial attempt made in that. The few copies that met the eyes of the publishers struck them favorably, and its general introduction rapidly followed. In the fall of that year Mr. Hillard put to press the edition of "Selections from Landor," which Ticknor & Fields published, and this book, coming out at the holidays, was the first that made it public with us. It was likewise with a large-paper

edition of the same book that Mr. Houghton began his hot-pressing process.

Another style of volume, since become so popular, originated with the "Riverside press," in compliance with a wish on the part of the American publishers of Tennyson to compress a large volume into a small one, without losing distinctness of letter. The size of the volume was at once imitated, and old plates of various authors pressed into the service by their publishers, on paper folded to a corresponding size, sometimes to the complete disfigurement of the volume. The first Tennyson came out in 1856, and up to a year or two (when they ceased at Riverside to manufacture them in any quantity) it is computed that some 200,000 volumes have borne its imprint.

One of the earliest books that made the skill of this press in the finer departments of printing most noticeable was the large-paper copies of White's Shakespeare, begun in 1858. This was followed by the fine editions of Bacon, Disraeli, Hallam, Montaigne, Lamb, and others, which were printed for various houses, which have had considerable to do not only in enhancing the reputation, but in shaping the recent history, of the press. Up to about 1857 their work had been confined almost entirely to Boston houses, but at that time they began to receive patronage from New York, soon increasing, and some from Philadelphia. The failure of Phillips, Sampson & Co., in 1859, transferred to publishers in those cities a large share of their plates, which had been made at Riverside, and was one of the means of introducing their work outside of Boston. The sale by Mr. Veazie of the plates of some of the beautiful books which they had made for him likewise brought them orders for new impressions from distant publishers. The house which had undertaken the issue of Bacon also failed before the plates of that edition were finished, and Mr. Houghton was constrained to complete the work on his own account. Much at the same time, the plates of the Riverside Dickens and others came back upon his hands by expiration of contracts and various causes; and these circumstances all increased the urgency of some connection with a publisher to sustain their issue. It was to this end that the new house of Hurd & Houghton was established in March, 1864, whose recent history is elsewhere given.

We may add concerning the present condition of the "Riverside press" that they run fifteen presses, namely, eleven Adams power, three hand, and one job presses. About one hundred and fifty men are employed at present in the printing department and as many in the bindery attached, making some three hundred on the pay-roll. The press keeps busy six proof-readers and their assistants. At present they are running full time; but for some months of last year they ran their presses day and night. It is estimated that they use between thirty and forty reams of paper a day, or from ten to twelve thousand a year. They have on an average between thirty and forty different books in progress at one time. They compute their day's labor to average from twelve to fifteen hundred volumes, counting six hundred pages to the volume of ordinary octavo size. They are now producing of "Webster's Dictionary" some seventy-five bound copies a day, not counting those in extra binding, an aggregate of about twenty-five thousand a year. Over one hundred and fifty tons of paper have already been used in printing the last edition of that dictionary.

The departments at Riverside are so complete that every part of the perfected book, excepting type, paper, and ink, is now done within its limits. In the bindery some twenty-five tons of "board" are used a year. Two presses are employed in the printing of steel engravings. The department of wood-cut printing is presided over by a graduate of the Messrs. Clay's famous printing-house in London. The drying-room, different from most modern presses, is constructed for the use of cold instead of hot air, its proprietors thinking a greater evenness is thus secured for the process.

A large part of their business is on work that seldom meets the popular eye, much attention being given to privately printed volumes, and a list of such books as bear the Riverside imprint, and are unpublished, with some notes thereupon, would constitute a

curious page of American bibliography, which we hope to gratify our readers with at some future time. Two handsome specimens of this kind of work they have now in hand; one is a bibliographical account of early works on American history contained in the library of John Carter Brown, of Providence, edited by John Russell Bartlett. It affords a fine specimen of their illuminating work in color on the title. The edition consists of fifty copies, a very few being on unbleached india paper. The other book is more noticeable, and Mr. Houghton hopes to be able to send it to the Paris exposition as a sample of his skill. It is a bibliographical account of the early books relating to Columbus, preserving their title, etc., in *fac-simile* Caxton letter. The book, not a large one, has been a year in hand, requiring no little care in imitating many of the old characters such as the ordinary black-letter fonts did not contain. Among other of these choice volumes now going through their press we noticed an illustrated account of the Faber lead mines of Siberia.

HURD & HOUGHTON.

THIS firm is a union of the well-known "Riverside" printing establishment at Cambridge, Mass., with the publishing and retail business in the city of New York.

Melancthon M. Hurd was born at Bridgeport, Conn., in 1828, and commenced his career in the book trade, in the year 1844, as a clerk in the old-established firm of B. Blakeman & Co. of that place, of which firm his father was a partner. In about a year thereafter the concern was dissolved by the withdrawal of Mr. Birdseye Blakeman, who removed to New York and became a member of the firm of Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman; and young Hurd was for several years connected with the Naugatuck, and afterwards with the Madison and Indianapolis, railroad. On his return from the West he purchased and conducted the same store in Bridgeport in which he had formerly been a clerk, and which, in the meantime, had passed through several hands. In 1856 he accepted from his old employer, Mr. B. Blakeman, a proposition to enter the firm of Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., in New York, and with them—through the several firm changes—he remained until February, 1864. On the 1st of March, 1865, he entered into a partnership with Mr. Henry O. Houghton, of Cambridge, Mass., thus combining the "Riverside press" with a bookstore which was opened at No. 401 Broadway, corner of Walker Street, New York, on the 1st of May of the same year.

The firm commenced business with so high a reputation, and such excellent personal antecedents, as at once secured them the confidence of the trade as well as that of the literary public, and their success thus far has been most flattering. Few firms, indeed, have been so fortunate in possessing, at the outset of their career, a line of books as attractive and intrinsically valuable. Mr. Houghton brought into the concern his beautiful "Household Edition" of "Dickens's Works," illustrated by Darley and Gilbert; the "Works of Lord Bacon;" "Montaigne's Works;" and "Colburn's Arithmetic." In July, 1864, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton contracted with Mr. Geo. P. Putnam to become the exclusive publishers for him of his valuable series of "Irving's Works," "Bayard Taylor's Works," etc., all of which now bear his imprint as well as their own. In January, 1865, they also purchased the late J. G. Gregory's entire list of books, including "Cooper's Works," illustrated by Darley; Bryant's "Forest Hymn;" "In the Woods;" and "Christmas Carols," etc., illustrated by John A. Hows; also the series of elegant "Juveniles" illustrated by H. L. Stephens, etc., etc. In short, their trade list, which at first comprised only four pages, two being occupied with their own books, has now extended to sixteen quarto pages, ten of which are devoted to their own publications, and they are recognized as occupying a leading position as manufacturers and publishers of the choicest first-class books. The name of the "Riverside press"—which has done so much within the past fifteen years to elevate the standard of book-making in this country—is of itself sufficient to give an appetizing flavor to any work upon the title-page of which it may appear; while the sound judgment and exquisite taste in literary matters possessed by both partners is an ample guarantee of the

character and value of any work which they may publish.

It may be interesting to our readers to know the popularity of some of Hurd & Houghton's publications, as evinced by their regular sales. Of Cooper's works (including the illustrated, people's, and paper editions) 45,000 copies have been sold—the people's edition being apparently the favorite. Of that well-known poem, by C. C. Moore, entitled "A Visit from St. Nicholas," and commencing

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,"

illustrated in tints from Darley's drawings, there have been 25,000 copies sold. The series of juvenile classics, comprising the "Death and Burial of Cock Robin," "The Frog He would a-Wooing Go," "The House that Jack Built," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Fox and Geese," and "Five Little Pigs," illustrated with designs by Stephens, and printed in tint, have sold to the extent of nearly 15,000 sets. Mr. R. H. Stoddard's verse and Frederick's pencil have given a new and exquisite charm to the oft-told story of "Little Red-Riding Hood," of which 12,000 were published last year; and of the equally sumptuous companion-volume, "Children in the Wood," which has just been published, 6,000 copies have already been sold. "Nursery Rhymes" and "Pleasure Books" each sell at the rate of 30,000 a year; while of the "Indestructible Pleasure Books and Primers" 20,000 a year barely supply the demand; the high price of linen at present being the only hinderance to an increase of edition. The "Game of Croquet" has been already taken up to the number of 5,000, and of "Colburn's Arithmetic" 60,000 copies were sold during the past year.

The most recent issue of this firm is the "Fables of Esop," embellished with wood-engravings by Bogert, Felter, and others, from designs by H. W. Herrick. The fine edition of this work, on toned paper, printed on a hand-press from the original wood-cuts, the letter-press from the types, is a most exquisite specimen of American taste and workmanship. Of this work, and also of its equally beautiful companion-volume, "Picciola," now in preparation for the holidays, duplicate electrotypes of the cuts have been purchased by the enterprising London firm of Warne & Co., for use in a forthcoming English edition—a fact in the highest degree creditable to the skill of our artists and the taste of our publishers.

Of Irving's works, in the various editions, there are now over 40,000 volumes sold every year—the new "Riverside edition," projected by Mr. Houghton, being very popular. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are also the sole agents in New York for the publications of the veteran book-maker, Warren F. Draper, of Andover, Mass., and for the English Bibles published by Messrs. William Collins, Sons & Co., Glasgow, Scotland.

In the fall of 1865 Messrs. Hurd & Houghton removed to No. 459 Broome Street, where they are now located.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, April 14, 1866.

It certainly—and not being a disciple of the Hon. Elijah Pogram, I admit it—does not help to produce in an American a state of mental satisfaction with the Congress of his own country to listen to the debates in the English Parliament. We have indeed in our American parliament some strong thinkers, and a few—a very few—accomplished debaters; but it will be long I fear before we can get into the best debate there as much point and power and knowledge as enter into even an ordinary discussion in the English Parliament. We have in America—and that is the worst of it—as good, I may say better, elements of a great public assembly as can be found here. But we will not have those elements crystallized into a Congress worthy of America until there are two reforms among us: 1, that men may be selected by constituencies to represent them in Congress without respect to the district or state in which such men live; and 2, the utter extirpation of the negro agitation from America, which, by bringing passions and sectional interests into a morbid predominance in politics, excludes many great men because of their earnestness. "It is a great scandal," I heard an eminent English statesman say, "that such a voice as that of Wendell Phillips should

never be heard in the American Congress." In England no opinions whatever that he might hold could exclude him from Parliament. And no such admirable speaker as G. W. Curtis could be passed over here. But to recur: the debates in Parliament here are remarkable for the conversational tones in which they are uttered; for the utter absence of lynch and wordiness; for the strictness with which they deal with the point. If you wish to know what may be said on all sides of a subject, and in the most condensed form, I should commend you to a parliamentary debate rather than to any encyclopedia.

Last night the second debate on the second reading of the reform bill was enlivened by a very fine speech from Bulwer, and a speech not only fine but equal to any given in this Parliament, for power, by John Stuart Mill. Bulwer holds that democracy is good for young countries and other countries, but not for England.

"I am not one of those," he says, "who have an abstract and absolute horror of democracy, and can only speak of it as something monstrous and abnormal. I can recognize democracy to be one of the legitimate forms of national polity. It has faults, and it has also merits—merits that are identified with the history of the world, with the marvelous attainments of individual genius, with national integrity, and with patient devotion to the public good. But then it seems to me that democracy belongs to the youth of a nation in which the habits of men, much more than their laws, produce a similarity and equality in manners and education. There is no form of government applicable to a state at every period of its existence; but if there be a country in the world in which the experiment of democracy would be ruinous it is surely in a country like England, with a very small area of the soil as compared with the increasing pressure of the population, with a commerce so dependent upon credit and national prestige that it would perish forever if by any neglect of democratic economy, or, what is more probable, any rashness of democratic adventure, its maritime power were destroyed. (Cheers.) And with differences of religious sects so grave and serious, we all know it would be utterly impossible to precede democracy by that generous and comprehensive system of education without which it would be madness to make a working class the supreme constituency of a legislature. The honorable member for Birmingham, who was speaking the other day at Manchester on this subject of education, took pains to show the effects of neglected education. Even in America it required not less than one hundred and fifty years of education brought home to every man's door before the fathers of the republic could safely establish a democracy, which even now has upon it checks altogether unknown to the English constitution."

Bulwer was very felicitous in a description he made of those Palmerstonian whigs who hate Earl Russell's bill in their hearts, even while many of them are about to vote for it rather than divide their party. He said:

"There is a story of a celebrated French preacher who, on delivering a sermon on the duty of wives, said, 'I see opposite in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will fling my breviary at her head.' He lifted his book and every female head instantly ducked. (Great laughter.) I will not name those who I think are guilty of detesting this bill in heart but yet mean to vote for it. But if I wished to point them out to universal condemnation, and if the rules of Parliament would permit me to fling this book at their heads, so many heads opposite would duck and dive that nothing short of a general amnesty would cover the multitude."

Immense and long-continued laughter followed this graphic touch. Indeed, the Tories were evidently delighted with the novelist's address, which would have been much more effective, however, if he had a better voice. While they were yet cheering him, J. S. Mill arose, but had to stand amid the hurricane for two or three minutes, which evidently seemed twenty to him. His manner and voice were an improvement on Bulwer's. He spoke slowly, and now and then paused; but the attentive House soon perceived that these pauses were the means of laying before it in perfect arrangement a most wonderful statement. (It must be remembered that it is unparliamentary to read a speech, or even partially read one, in the Commons or Peers house.) Some of his replies to the Tories were extremely happy. Here is one, for example:

"But honorable gentlemen say the working classes are already represented. It has just come to light, to the astonishment of everybody, that these classes actually form 26 per cent. of the borough constituencies. They kept the secret so well—it required so much research to detect their presence on the register—their votes were so devoid of any traceable consequences—they had all this power of shaking our institutions, and so obstinately persisted in not doing it (loud cheers) that honorable gentlemen are quite alarmed, recoil in terror from the abyss into which they have not fallen."

This was well delivered and produced a storm of cheers and laughter, under which the opposition winced considerably. But there was a subsequent passage in which Mr. Mill rose to an energy and eloquence which startled the House and made it think of some of those great voices

of the past with which its luster is intimately associated. He said:

"But we are told that our own legislation has made great progress in this direction—that the House has repealed the corn laws, removed religious disabilities, and got rid of I know not how many more abominations. Sir, it has; and I am far from disparaging these great reforms, which have probably saved the country from a violent convulsion; as little would I undervalue the good sense and good feeling which have made the governing classes of this country capable of thus far advancing with the times. But they have their recompense—*habes pretium cruci non figeris*. Their reward is that they are not hated, as other privileged classes have been, and that is the fitting reward for ceasing to do harm, for merely repealing bad laws which Parliament itself had made. (Cheers.) But is this all that the legislature of a country like ours can offer to its people? Is there anything for us to do, but only to undo the mischief that we or our predecessors have done? Are there not all the miseries of an old and crowded society waiting to be dealt with—the curse of ignorance, the curse of pauperism, the curse of disease, the curse of a whole population born and nurtured in crime? (Cheers.) All these things we are just beginning to look at—just touching with the tips of our fingers; and, by the time two or three more generations are dead and gone, we may perhaps have discovered how to keep them alive, and how to make their lives worth having. I must needs think that we should get on much faster with all this—the most important part in the business of government in our days—if those who are the chief sufferers by the great chronic evils of our civilization had representatives among us to stimulate our zeal, as well as to inform us by their experience."

When Mr. Mill sat down large numbers of members arose and passed along the gangway, and shook hands with him with enthusiasm. It was the scene of the evening.

During the debate there was one thing, and only one, which told powerfully upon the liberals; one under which Bright and Mill and many another noble friend of America grew restless and looked gloomy. It was when Lord Robert Montague, in thundering tones, called the attention of the House to the outcome of popular government in America—"a President overpowering and scorning the will of the people as expressed by their representatives!" These are the words which the foes of free government are hurling in the faces of their antagonists, Americans!

THE COPYRIGHT.

While lately visiting the old University of St. Andrews, in Scotland, I dined with Robert Chambers, who resides there; and when I told him how far and wide I had seen his annuals, journals, miscellanies scattered in America, he said: "And yet for them all I have never got a penny from America." He began writing when twenty; he is now about sixty-five. He said he thought few Americans knew how much their country had been disgraced in the eyes of all cultivated foreigners in all countries by the absence of a copyright. I everywhere hear the same testimony. Trübner's "Record" this week copies THE ROUND TABLE's list of signers (from which one regrets such absentees as Ticknor & Fields and Emerson), and says:

"We doubt whether any petition to Congress ever had so brilliant an assemblage of names, and we are sure that the fact of these illustrious Americans—the ablest living representatives of literature in the United States—being in favor of the measure, will do much towards influencing the action of the government."

A PERIODICAL STAR.

The *Cosmos* contains an interesting article from M. Goldschmidt, in which he endeavors to determine from historical records the periodical return of a star which was observed in the year 393 of our era. Chinese and other records show that in each of the years 393, 827, 1203, and 1609 a star was observed that remained some time in the heavens and then disappeared again after a certain time. Now the question M. Goldschmidt wishes to solve is, whether these stars so mentioned are one and the same or not, and if they are, what is the period within which the star returns to its former place? It is a striking coincidence that those which were observed in the three first-mentioned years were all seen in the constellation of Scorpio. That of 393 appeared in March in the tail of Scorpio, and disappeared in October; that of the year 1203 was exactly in the same place, and was seen on the 28th July and on the 6th August. Now the difference between these two dates is 810 years and a few months, the half of which, 405 years, being added to 393 gives 798 as the date at which the star ought to have returned. Now the Arab astronomers mention a star which made its appearance about the year 827 in the 15th degree of Scorpio, but the date is allowed to be doubtful, only it is certain it was observed under the reign of the Caliph Al-Mamoun, that is, between the years 814 and 833. This, in a calculation comprising such uncertain date, does not differ too widely from 798; and if to the date of 1203 we add 405, we get 1608. Now the

Chinese record of Ma-Tuan-Lin mentions a new star in 1609. The historian does not exactly state the constellation, but only says that it was seen in the southwest. Assuming, then, this series of dates to mark the return of the same star, its next reappearance would occur in the year 2015.

M. D. C.

BOSTON.

Boston, April 30, 1866.

If I were of a mind to supplement one of the really pleasant of the Country Parson's essays, that on the "Art of Putting Things," I don't know that I should want better material than what is at hand this week in so diverse shapes as Mr. Swinburne's "Queen Mother" and "Rosamond" and Mr. Emerson's article on "Character" in the current "North American," together with his personal presence in the lecture-room in the course on "The Philosophy of Life," which he is now reading, before very select audiences of three or four hundred people, at Chickering's Hall each Saturday noon. You have tried, perhaps, to turn a grindstone while some hard-fisted farmer was putting an edge upon his scythe. It was very hard and slow work when the pressure was on, and the wheel went round nimbly and easily when it was off. It is a very similar process listening to the orphic utterances of the Concord seer. The words sometimes come out one by one with a respiration between, so that you are forced to think his manuscript must either be very crabbed or else the pressure is very strong. Lighten it a little and on he flies, and is as suddenly brought up when your wits are to be pressed the closer for an edge. Meanwhile his right hand is busy twisting about his manuscript, and his left (with the inevitably straightened fore and little fingers ready to pin down, as they do verbenas, any stray sucker of the parent vine) hangs like a Shaker's flapper; indeed, with a broad brim and a little alteration of his externals, this seer of ours would not make a bad Shaker ideal, as far as person goes. And there he stands for one hour, with an audience before him better in intellect and culture than probably any other man among us could draw, showing the wonders of the art of putting things—a talent not by any means to be despised and a most important one, moreover; but it is Emerson's all. Submit one of his essays to the hard mentality of some logician to be turned into the logician's vernacular, and you could get the substance of all Emerson has to say in some very commonplace matter. Give Emerson to parallelize a logician's dull exposition, and he would press into it some of his carbonic acid gas, and it would come forth scintillating Emersonese—all for the art of putting things. And there is this characteristic about the Emersonian way of doing this thing, that it is expended upon the members rather than upon the make-up of an essay. You hear his lecture or read his essay, and you have a confused sense of strong and happy turns; but, for the life of you, will hardly venture to say what it is all about, or how it differs from every other lecture or essay of his that you have heard or read for the last twenty years. He does not put his grand subject well. Many a lesser man will do it infinitely better.

Mr. Swinburne is another practitioner of the art of putting things, but with him it consists in saying things the most unlikely way possible, with just the slightest tinge of meaning. He uses Mr. Roget's thesaurus by contraries or some other process, and when he has a word that comes naturally to him, and he wishes to substitute another, he takes the dictionary, perhaps, and lights upon any word, if it can by any process of distillation be found to make sense at all. In fine, Mr. Swinburne's art of putting things is the art of not putting them at all in any reasonable sense. He is painfully staggered at common words for common ideas. To say a thing in an obvious manner detracts from his dignity. Now I for one have long felt the conviction grow stronger and stronger in me that if a thought can't be put obviously, it is not worth putting at all; and inversely, have usually found that want of obviousness in a writer was want of sense. There is another decency than that of purity, and Roscommon's couplet holds good in this meaning as well as the last. It is not a little amusing to see how this trick follows him into another tongue. He gives a little French song listened to by the queen at her toilette. It is really too pretty to lose under any mistiness of language, and if I divine it rightly it runs thus in English:

"Catching my lady, as with me she played,
And kissed my eyes, said Cupid, 'The Rose
Is more than flower and less than maid,'
Said Cupid, and knows!"

"'There's a pang in my bosom,' said Cupid, aware
(God rest his soul) of her kisses' smart,
'O spare him, my lady, the wounds I bear!'
Said Cupid at heart!"

The conceit about the rose is certainly very pretty

(Punch would probably translate it, "more than bloom and less than bloomer"); and the motive of the whole thing is not unlike a little song of John Lilye's in his "Alexander and Campaspe":

"O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?"

One can scarce read a page of this volume, nor could you in "Atalanta," without coming to the conclusion that oddity that is not piquancy and quaintness may be rapid. When singularity becomes flat it is an excess of that dullness the gods revolt at. Shakespeare put things differently from other men to be great; but he did not wantonly meddle with such small fry as idiomatic particles for the mere sake of meddling. Language, as the mind has fashioned it and custom ruled it, is altogether beneath Mr. Swinburne's notions; cheap affectation has nothing ignoble to his sense, more's the pity! There may be some occult advantage to the Swinburne perception in "make in" over "go in," in "keep not well" over "am not well," and a hundred just such puerile transformations, all growths of a ridiculous euphuistic spirit; but to common mortals it is not apparent. Where there is a spark of poetry in the change, let us have it by all means, but nowhere else. If unexpectedness were always wit, then Mr. Swinburne would have been a marvel of it. If metaphor consists in turning out the prosy and putting in the poetic word, what shall we call that process which turns out the simple and obvious only to put in what is neither prose nor poetry? "I not doubt the queen" is neither English nor euphony; but common people would have written "I doubt not the queen," and that was enough for the Swinburne taste. But it is useless to go on about these silly affectations. Lowell in a notice of Swinburne in the current "North American" charges this and similar nonsense with being led in by Browning in his later poems, and not unjustly, and exonerates his follower in such a fashion as this: "The hand is the hand of Swinburne, but the voice is the voice of Browning;" but then Lowell can see a marvel in an Arthur Hugh Clough! I am sometimes, however, mistrustful of Lowell's critical decisions; he likes too much to write, as Johnson talked, for conquest. He is like the surgeon who would perform a needless operation for the credit of the skill he could show. He has what Emerson called the other day the American foible of worshipping talent; or, rather in his case a glorying in the power his own talent has given him. He is merciless, out of love for the sparkles that gleam in a trenchant weapon. Yet in his notice of Swinburne he is, in the main, it seems to me, just. He allows him all the credit he deserves, and that in some cases is not little. The lyrical parts of "Atalanta" showed a musical grace that would hardly be suspected of the writer of his blank-verse; and in the present volume there are indications of the same melody at times. I would not say there are not passages of no ordinary force; but they are invariably such as are freest from these taints of style, and show what he could do were his instincts unperverted. There is here and there a page that seems almost ripe, and only fails of being quite so by a suspicion of green-fruitiness.

Before leaving this volume, which has the same handsome externals its publishers (Ticknor & Fields) gave to the "Atalanta in Calydon," though numbering twice its pages, I may be allowed to give the English of two little French songs which, in the second piece of the book—and the better of the two, I think, containing not a little genuine feeling—Rosamond sings to King Henry. The first runs somehow thus, for the French rebels a little at the transformation:

"My lady is bonny and sweet of tongue,
Dowered of God to laugh and cry
In dulceter note, that one might sigh
And then forget.

"My lady is good, and her kiss a boon:
Oh the joy to press so soft a cheek,
Clasped in her arms, too blest to speak
And ne'er to forget.

"Fair is my lady with sad blue eyes;
Gold and red in her tresses are blent,
And woe is me, if her love be spent
But to forget.

"Pale is my lady and gracious to see!
But what care I for a shape at all,
If only that mouth be sweet and small
I never forget!"

The other is this:

"Alas! my lady, take pity on me!
Who bear in my heart a sadness untold;
No longer the rose in my bosom you see,
But this sad marigold!"

"Full trouble enough in this life of ours,
Which the old hopes witch with their coying arts;
Yet still I must bear this saddest of flowers,
O friend, in my heart of hearts!"

Mr. Emerson's article, to which I have already referred, is characteristic of the man. It is neither homogeneous nor perspicuous as a whole, but it is full of adroit passages, unexpected presentations, and not a little of his peculiar philosophy. It is a good specimen of the telling art of putting component things, independent of the grand thing put; and we have, moreover, an admirable specimen of the brilliant way of putting things in Lowell's companion article on Carlyle, which I have not the room to speak of fully this week.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have announced a new book on the late war, by Mr. Coffin, better known as "Carleton," called "Four Years of Fighting: A Book of Battles," which is supposed to embody his personal observation, in the train of our armies and fleets, over a large part of the field of war. It promises us some new revelations regarding the history of the rebel cotton loan in England, with original letters of those concerned. They intend to secure a large sale by the subscription-cavassing system. Another book just issued by them, and made up similarly out of a newspaper correspondence as a ground-work, is Mr. Sidney Andrews's "South Since the War, as shown by fourteen weeks of travel and observation in Georgia and the Carolinas," covering the months of September, October, and November, 1865, while he was in the service of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* and the Chicago *Tribune*. The book has its value, and, probably, an increasing one; but so rapidly is public opinion fashioned and so uncertain its continuance in the present anomalous condition of affairs, that it seems very long ago to take a man's testimony which was, nevertheless, only made so recently as last autumn and winter. One would judge there was no palpable misstatement in the book, and that the author has deduced conclusions honestly enough from his own experiences, and they are such as mark him one of the kind dilatory on principle in the process of reconstruction. His record is interesting, and, as a matter of history, his account of the conventions in the Carolinas and Georgia which repealed the secession ordinance is probably destined to be of some permanent use, as the report of an observer curious, well-informed, and a northerner. There may be something in the book colored by his previous associations, but there is nothing flash or sensational. Another volume of reminiscences of the war is out to-day, viz., "Hospital Life in the Army of the Potomac, by William Howell Reed," issued by W. V. Spencer; and Gould & Lincoln have in forwardness a volume of sermons preached during the war, by the Rev. Dr. George B. Ide, called "Battle-Echoes; or, Lessons from the War," which is to make a 12mo of 400 handsome pages. The same publishers are also printing a life of the late governor of Massachusetts, George N. Briggs, by Rev. W. C. Richards, of Pittsfield, a large 12mo volume. Mr. Spencer has also ready, in pamphlet shape, "A Handbook for the Young Yachtsman, by Henry T. Stafford," and "Essays, Theological and Philosophical, by James Martineau," which last makes a handsome octavo, from the Wilson press, appetizing in the look to the studious man who enjoys the solitude of his library. Of all of these I must write further another time, as well as of Mr. Saxe's new volume, "The Masquerade and other Poems," out this week, together with the second group (in one volume) of their "Companion Poets," from Ticknor & Fields. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, April 30, 1866.

THERE has just been published, by Joel Munsell, of Albany, famous for the many curious works he has printed as well as their peculiar typographical elegance, a monograph upon a subject which ought to have some interest in New York. I notice it because the author is John Meredith Read, Jr., son of Judge Read, of Philadelphia. It is "A Historical Inquiry concerning Henry Hudson, his Friends, Relatives, and Early Life, his connection with the Muscovy Company, and Discovery of Delaware Bay." It was spoken as an address to the Historical Society of Delaware, in October, 1864, and has been published by the society. The life of Hudson has scarcely been written until now. Biographical dictionaries and cyclopedias repeat the invariable words, "his early history is unknown," and commence by stating that he undertook his first voyage in 1607. Appleton's "New American Cyclopaedia" reports that this was "to search for the northwest passage," while "Chambers's Encyclopedia" puts it "for the discovery of a north-east passage." General J. M. Read's monogram had special reference, considering where it was read, to Hudson's discovery of Delaware Bay, but went closely into his antecedents and the origin of his visit to these shores. His name having been given to the mighty river which runs through the state and falls into the Bay of New

York, it has generally been believed that Hudson was especially connected with the Empire State, while, in fact, he previously had entered Delaware Bay and partly explored Delaware River. He entered these waters on the 28th August, 1609, but did not anchor within Sandy Hook until the evening of September 3d. Hudson was of English parentage and birth, though the Knickerbockers have given him a quasi-Dutch name by changing Henry into Hein. His publicly-known life covers five years (1607-11), during which he made four voyages and originated the idea of an open polar sea. His voyage in 1607 was to Spitzbergen, and in 1608 to Nova Zembla (these were at the expense of the Muscovy Company); in 1609, when he discovered the bays and rivers of Delaware and New York, was made in the service of the Dutch East India Company; and his fourth, and last, in 1610-11, at the expense of some English gentlemen, was in search of a northwest passage to China. Hudson is first heard of as a captain in the service of the Muscovy Company in April, 1607. General Read has ascertained that, fifty-two years earlier (in 1555), another Henry Hudson, or Herdson, was named in Queen Mary's charter as one of the founders of the Muscovy Company; that a Christopher Hudson was the company's agent in Russia, in 1560, and that a Thomas Hudson was one of its captains in 1580-1. In various records, printed and manuscript, the name Hudson is made Herdson, Hodson, Hodson, and seventeen other variations. Sir Walter Raleigh's name has been written thirteen different ways,

and Shakespeare has been still more extensively varied. Alderman Hudson, who died in 1555, purchased landed property in Kent, and his widow married Alderman Sir Richard Champion, who attained the dignity of lord mayor in 1566. General Read claims Alderman Henry Herdson, whom Stowe called Hudson, and who had eight sons, as ancestor of the mariner who discovered the Delaware and the Hudson rivers. The alderman's eldest son, Thomas Hudson, was very intimate with the noted Dr. Dee, who actively promoted the objects of the Muscovy Company, and when it sent a ship to explore a northeast passage to China or Cathay, in 1580, constructed a chart for the two captains' guidance. In 1583 this Thomas Hudson, who was a member of the Muscovy Company, is recorded, in Dr. Dee's diary, as taking an interest "in northwest straits discovery," which eventuated in the three voyages of John Davis (in 1585, 1586, and 1587), only twenty-six years before Henry Hudson went out with similar purpose. For many years, in Elizabeth's reign, another of the Hudson family (Christopher) was the Muscovy Company's agent in Russia (he is believed to have been the son of Sir Christopher Hudson, brother of the first Henry Hudson, one of the founders of the Muscovy Company), and in 1601 he held the office of governor of the Merchant Adventurers of London, only six years before Henry Hudson made his first recorded voyage to the north. General Read deduces, from the large mass of evidence which he has collected, that our Henry Hudson was the

descendant, probably grandson, of Alderman Henry Hudson, and had received his training, as well as his subsequent employment, from the Muscovy Company, which his relatives had helped to found, and afterwards maintain. He was a citizen of London, where he had a house, and may have been one of the Muscovy Company's apprentices, of which there were two classes, traders and navigators. The whole monogram, occupying 168 pages octavo, besides an appendix and excellent index, is ingenious, well-written, and suggestive. R. S. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing. Rules of Short Whist. By J. L. Baldwin. \$1 25.
J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston.—Cultivation of the Grape. By W. C. Strong. \$3 00.
The Book of Roses. By Francis Parkman. \$3 00.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—The Masquerade. By John Godfrey Saxe. 1866. Pp. 239.
PAMPHLET-NOVELS.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Miss Marjoribanks. By Mrs. Oliphant. 50 cents.
The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. 1866. Pp. 138. 50 cents.
FRED. A. BRADY, New York.—Fanny Hervey; or, The Mother's Choice. 1866. Pp. 150. 50 cents.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Life of Joseph Grimaldi. By Charles Dickens. 1866. 50 cents.

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1866.

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OF THE
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OF NEW YORK.**

FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 31, 1866.
FREDERICK S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.
OFFICE, 144 and 146 BROADWAY,
Cor. of Liberty Street.

Cash Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, \$14,885,278 88

Number of Policies issued in 1865, 8,600, insuring... \$31,394,407 00
In Force February 1, 1866, 25,797 Policies, insuring... \$3,413,933 00
Dividend Addition to same... 7,890,925 92
\$91,244,853 92

STATEMENT FOR YEAR.

JANUARY 31, 1866.

The Net Assets Feb. 1, 1865... \$11,799,414 68

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For premiums and policy fees:

Original on new poli-
cies... \$1,154,066 94
Renewals... 1,818,654 82
War extras and annuities, 15,428 64—\$2,988,150 40
Interest:
On bonds and mortgages, 361,753 88
U. S. Stocks... 352,329 52
Premium on gold... 94,999 66— 809,083 06
Rent... 55,833 34—\$3,863,065 80
Total... \$15,652,480 48

Disbursements as follows:

Paid claims by death and additions
to same... \$712,893 71
Paid matured Endowment Poli-
cies and additions... 20,999 52
Paid post-mortem Dividends, Divi-
dends surrendered, and reduc-
tion of Premium... 53,730 87
Paid surrendered Policies... 190,691 40
Paid annuities... 10,342 53
Paid Taxes... 38,076 52
Paid Expenses, including Ex-
change, Postage, Advertising,
Medical Examinations, Salaries,
Printing, Stationery, and sundry
office expenses... 174,310 94
Paid Commissions, and for pur-
chase of Commissions accruing
on future premiums... 334,255 12— 1,540,130 63

Net Cash Assets, Jan. 31, 1866... \$14,112,949 85

Invested as follows:

Cash on hand and in Bank... \$1,475,890 82
Bonds and Mortgages... 7,348,022 30
U. S. Stocks (cost)... 4,468,921 25
Real Estate... 782,307 34
Balance due by Agents... 36,599 14—\$14,112,949 85
Add:
Interest accrued but not due... \$112,000 00
Interest due and unpaid... 5,084 73
Deferred Premiums and Premiums
due, but not yet received... 655,844 30— 772,929 03

Gross Assets, Jan. 31, 1866... \$14,885,278 88
Increase in Net Cash Assets for the Year... \$2,312,935 17

THE GROSS ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:

Reserve to reinsure outstanding policies, including
dividend additions to same... \$11,503,996 03
Claims ascertained and unpaid (not due)... 122,750 00
Dividend additions to same... 23,497 64
Post-mortem dividends (uncalled for)... 24,931 73
Premiums paid in advance... 11,065 48
Undivided surplus (excluding a margin on the
above Reserves of over \$1,000,000)... 218,649 42
Dividend of 1866... \$2,975,338 58
Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, as above... \$14,885,278 88

N. B.—The reserve to reinsure outstanding policies and addi-
tions (\$11,503,996 03), as above, includes a margin of \$1,000,000 over
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sively to the assured.

Its Cash Assets are... \$14,885,278 88

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SURPLUS, Jan. 1, 1866, \$65,969 83

TOTAL ASSETS, \$705,989 83

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